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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

THERE is a cleavage in the Coalition. The Liberal element headed by Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. McCurdy is working all it can to persuade the Prime Minister to go to the country. The Conservative element, on the other hand, is in favour of delay. The factors in the situation are these: daily the position of Coalition Liberalism becomes weaker in the constituencies. In the middle of January the Prime Minister will return and embark upon his intensive campaign for the consolidation of the new National Liberal party. So far, however, what support this party has rests on a section of the middle classes, who would just as soon vote Conservative and are in fact ready to support Coalition candidates whether they be Liberal or Conservative. Its propaganda has consisted in routs and junketings and entertainments in the houses of great commercial Peers. It has, in fact, followed the example of the Primrose League.

Another factor in the situation, and one which is working in the opposite direction, is the urgent desire of Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain to introduce a measure of House of Lords reform which will enable Lord Birkenhead to sit in the Lower House before a new Parliament meets. As there is no feeling in the country in favour of such a measure at present, it seems that the Liberal element will have its way and an early General Election.

Now that the Government has disposed temporarily of its exoteric crises the period of esoteric crises has set in. Little as it may be obvious to the outside observer, this period of the recess is one of the most critical for the Coalition. Not only is there a tension between ministers on the question of an early election, but there is a fierce internecine conflict within the Conservative party. Mr. Bonar Law, after much wavering and cogitation, decided to support the Government on the Irish issue. Now is the time when the guerdon of his support is demanded. He wants to come back.

The gravest complications of leadership therefore arise. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has few supporters, but he is at any rate still leader. What can be done

with Mr. Bonar Law? Many of the Conservatives would like him to lead again. Mr. Lloyd George would prefer to retain the present Lord Privy Seal as leader because he is more docile and manageable even than his predecessor. Lord Birkenhead, who has his eye on the reversion, would doubtless also prefer Mr. Austen Chamberlain for the same reasons as Mr. Lloyd George. However, some sort of place will have to be found. Should opportunity present itself the necessary vacancy would be created by the elevation, or degradation, of Mr. Shortt to the Bench. This will give an opportunity for recasting the Cabinet.

Too much attention should not be paid to the persistent rumours—confined, be it noted, to the Coalition Press—that Mr. Asquith is to be offered and to accept a post of academical retirement. These rumours, which recur from time to time, always happen to coincide with one of the Prime Minister's efforts at party organization. Mr. Lloyd George knows well that if Mr. Asquith can be put out of the way there will be a considerable accretion in his Liberal following. In fact he will become undisputed leader of the Liberal party. Of course, it may well happen that as a result of continued and insidious pressure, Mr. Asquith will be induced to retire from more active politics. But the fires of ambition burn within him as fiercely as they do in the hearts of all those who have known the delights of office. Ambition is not a docile master and Mr. Asquith is still its servant.

There is an aspect of the Dail debate which has escaped attention. The real significance does not lie in the division between those in favour of ratification and those opposed to it, but in the less obvious divisions into types of mind. Already it can be seen that the Irish representatives are tending to fall into the well-known political classifications. There are the Wilson democrats, the purely Conservative Nationalists, the Radicals and the Liberals. The speech of Countess Markievicz was an advanced Labour oration. She affirmed her allegiance to "the worker's republic, the co-operative commonwealth." "In burning words"—to quote the description of the *Daily Herald*—"she denounced any proposal which would give the Southern Unionists, as capitalists who had been guilty of cruelty to the Irish people, any privileged position in the Free State." Another delegate frankly called the republican form of government merely a machine for securing Irish freedom and said that there would be no harm in scrapping it. Mr. Michael Collins saw clearly the real purport of the discrepant opinions and suggested that the Treaty should be allowed to go through, that a provisional Government should come into force, and that the various parties should discuss the republican question afterwards. Herein, in our view, lies the real interest of the debate.

Whether the meeting at Cannes of the Supreme Council will result in furthering the pacification and reconstruction of Europe to such an extent as the Government papers expect is doubtful, but it is greatly to be desired that a real effort will be made to have such a substantial modification of the reparations' programme as will lead to a revival of trade between Britain and Germany. Whatever France may say, and we admit that she has a case, such a modification, failing complete abandonment (which in our view



would be best), of the reparations policy, is one of the chief requisites for any considerable improvement of the economic situation. Mere tinkering with this business will not do; large views and long are essential, as well as something of that clear-eyed spirit that looks like adventure, but is calculation *plus* imagination, which the best men of affairs possess. We learn that the German Government, at the instance of Dr. Wirth, the Chancellor, is going to make a determined effort to cut down national expenditure, first by reducing the number of Ministries, now twice as many as before the war, and, secondly, by taking effective steps to wipe out the deficits on State enterprises, nearly all of which are being run at heavy loss. The worst examples are the railways, the posts and the telegraphs. Dr. Hermes, the present Finance Minister, is to go, and it is said that his successor will be a man of the "thorough" type.

The conference in Paris of British, French, Italian, Belgian, and Japanese business men and experts, who last week were studying means for the economic reconstruction of Europe, ended in the formulation of a plan, the main feature of which is a proposal for the establishment of an international industrial corporation, or consortium, with a capital of twenty millions sterling, to be subscribed not by the States interested, but by private industrial groups in each country that comes into the scheme. This plan is to be submitted to the Supreme Council at the Cannes meeting, and we know not what will be its fate. It is stated, however, that the plan insists that economic recovery can be achieved only by the rebuilding and development of the railways and other means of communication. No doubt, problems of transport do enter into any large consideration of the economic situation, but as that situation includes, and must include, Russia, Poland, and Austria, the capital sum fixed looks inadequate, and certainly does not indicate that courageous handling of the whole question which is indispensable. The good thing about the plan is that the consortium is to be composed of private individuals, industrialists, and business men, and not of politicians; but how far this connotes the elimination of that bureaucratic control which hitherto has cramped all enterprise is the uncertain element, and we should like to see it made thoroughly clear and definite.

A remarkably interesting communication appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday, January 3. It is an account of a development that has taken place in thirty-three London day continuation schools. It appears that the Ministry of Labour have now agreed that children between fourteen and fifteen years of age, seeking employment, need no longer register at the Employment Exchanges, but can do so at the school. For this purpose a specially trained official attends the school each day with a suitable list of offers of employment that have come into the Exchanges and also with lists of other vacancies they have privately discovered. Only one thing could be better—and indeed the *Times* correspondent suggests it—and that is that the employers should visit the schools themselves and by interview with the masters and observation of the pupils, do the work at present undertaken by the official. If it be the intention of education to prepare young people for after life no opportunity should be neglected to bring the pupil in contact with his future employer and his future work, on the one hand, and to bring the employer, on the other, to take some interest in the material which he is to employ while it is in its raw condition. Society expects that all its members should play some part in it, and young persons in the process of being educated are too often excluded from consideration. Zest and point would be added to a boy's work in school and in the University if he could feel at an early age that his preparation was being directed to a well-defined objective.

Various educational bodies have busied themselves during the week discussing their several interests. The Headmasters' Association passed a resolution welcoming the report of the Prime Minister's Committee on the Classics, and regarding it "as incumbent on headmasters to take all possible steps in their own schools to strengthen and promote the study of classics." On the other hand, the Modern Language Association, representing public and secondary schools and Universities, discussed later a resolution dissenting from the recommendation of the Prime Minister's Committee and urging University authorities "to frame their regulations for degrees accordingly." On the previous day the Master of Balliol, addressing the Science Masters' Association, said that the time spent on "irregular verbs" was wasted. No wonder Public School education is bad. If Headmasters give effect in their schools to the terms of their resolution they must do so against the expressed wishes of a large proportion of their staffs,—and then the boys so educated may find themselves debarred from University Degrees by the adoption of the Modern Language Association's recommendation. This situation may best be described, as the schoolboy described Mr. Lloyd George, as a prime mixture.

It has been given out that the question of Turkey will not come before the Supreme Council at Cannes, but will be considered at a conference of the British, French, and Italian Foreign Ministers next week in Paris. Meanwhile we wish to draw attention to the fact that, after M. Briand, M. Franklin-Bouillon told the Senatorial Commission on Foreign Affairs that the difference between the British and the French points of view respecting the Angora Pact had been adjusted, and we wonder very much whether this is so. In the debate in the Chamber on the Foreign Affairs estimates M. Briand said that thanks to the Pact, security had been brought to Cilicia. The estimates provided for a credit of fifty million francs to the High Commissioner in Syria, and the French Premier observed that this sum would allow for relief and work being found for the Armenians who would return to Cilicia. If this means that France expects the Armenians to be satisfied by the guarantees of their safety offered by the Kemalists, it does not seem to be the view of the Armenians. It is more desirable than ever for Britain to have a general settlement with France in the Near East, for the fresh trouble with the Kurds in the Mosul area has undoubtedly its origin in the incitement of the Turks, some of whom are acting as leaders of these insurgents.

Another bombshell at Washington! But of a kind very different from any that has hitherto surprised or confounded the Conference. The representatives of the Far Eastern Republic had invited themselves to Washington, but had received no recognition from the American Government. They had hinted for some time that they were in a position to make very serious trouble for two of the principal parties to the Conference. Presumably at the end of their patience, they published during the week-end some highly sensational documents, dating from December 1920 to September 1921, and purporting to reveal an agreement between France and Japan with respect to Siberia, and an undertaking together to support the terms of that agreement at the Conference. The authenticity of the documents was immediately denied by the French and the Japanese Delegations, who characterized them as Bolshevik forgeries. Diplomatic denials of secret agreements have not always proved to be trustworthy, and there is much in the past tortuous foreign policy of Japan that suggests reserve in accepting at its face value every statement issued from Tokyo or other apparently authoritative sources. Japan has showed that she has rather a genius for the secret treaty. We note that all the special correspondents at Washington consider the



documents in the case to be forgeries—except Mr. Nevinson, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who is convinced of their genuineness.

With its headquarters at Chita, the Far Eastern Republic was established after the defeat and death of Koltchak. For some time afterwards its rule was contested by the Hetman Semenoff, who, it was alleged, was supported by the Japanese, but who in the end was compelled to retire. Its territory covers a considerable part of Siberia east of Lake Baikal. It calls itself independent, but really is under the control of the Moscow Soviet. After the collapse of Semenoff the Republic last year held a general election for a Constituent Assembly, and the result was not favourable to the Communists, but to the Moderate elements. The Communists, under the leadership of Krasnochehoff, had the command of such troops as there were in the country, and showed their true character by intimidating their opponents and retaining all power in their own hands. Later in the year, however, a counter-revolution movement succeeded at Vladivostok, and it may be remembered that in June last Tchitcherin addressed a Note from Moscow to the Allies declaring that this movement had been carried out under the protection of the Japanese. In connection with the documents published by the representatives of the Far Eastern Republic at Washington, it is of interest to remark that Tchitcherin expressly stated in this Note that the French were assisting the Japanese and "participating in the plan of the Japanese conquest of Siberia."

The unfortunate quarrel now going on between Italy and Yugo-Slavia is concerned with a relatively trivial matter, but is not therefore unimportant, because it is symptomatic of the tension that has existed for some time between those two countries. Some Italian sailors were mobbed on Christmas Day at Sebenico, in Dalmatia. Thereupon Italy lodged a protest, and in her turn Yugo-Slavia issued a counter-protest. Next four Italian cruisers accompanied by torpedo-boats arrived at Sebenico, and the Italian Consul at Spalato made certain demands, which, on being referred to Belgrade, were refused by the Yugo-Slav Government, the head of which is once again the veteran Serbian statesman, M. Pashitch. Meanwhile considerable excitement had developed in Dalmatia, and meetings of angry students were held at Agram. The Yugo-Slav Government took steps for the defence of Sebenico and the surrounding country, but the Italian warships apparently are still at Sebenico. We understand that the Yugo-Slav Government has addressed a Note on the subject to the Supreme Council, which will have this in addition to its other difficulties to consider at Cannes.

The Prince of Wales's tour in India appears to have been a complete success in so far as visits to the native Princes were concerned, and a very tempered success in those areas visited which were directly under the Indian Government. The moral, in so far as unrest is concerned, is clear. It is also apparent that the Prince has not received the advice which he had a right to expect in regard to Indian customs and prejudices. Who is to blame for permitting him to commit what Anglo-Indians regard as the grave indiscretion of playing the drum in a jazz band, or at any rate of letting the fact be published if he did? The material of which the sounding surface of a drum is composed has for Indians a significance . . .

We are not surprised to learn that the firm measures taken by the Government of India to put down sedition have had some good results, but we confess that we are astonished that Lord Reading has done nothing with respect to Gandhi, the arch agitator and the man responsible far more than any other for the disturbed

state of the country. The Indian National Congress, composed of ignorant tillers of the soil and millhands, opened on December 27 and closed on December 29 at Ahmedabad. It passed a resolution giving a sort of dictatorship to "Mahatma" Gandhi, and delegating to him the authority and powers of the Congress and all its committees in all matters, with the reservation that he would require the sanction of a Congress to "conclude peace with the British Government or the Government of India." This is remarkable language, and it is surely not difficult to see how its broadcast publication must have a most injurious effect on the loyalty of the natives in general and on the Moderates in particular. We do not understand why its publication was permitted, nor, for that matter (in present circumstances) why the Congress was allowed to be held at all.

A series of crimes is being investigated by the Press, aided by Scotland Yard and the provincial police. Taking into consideration all the difficulties, we are forced to the conclusion that in regard to the Bournemouth murder the professional investigators have been reprehensibly slack. It was not until a full week had elapsed since the date of the murder that any systematic inspection of hotel registration books was undertaken, or any attempt made to search the garages of private car-owners in the neighbourhood. Yet for what other purpose than just such an emergency as the present was the practice of hotel registration retained after the war?

It is impossible to envy the responsibility assumed by the Chief Constable of Hampshire when he refused the assistance of Scotland Yard, and at the same time accepted with such generosity the assistance of the Press. Scotland Yard knows how to handle the Press, and any crime on the investigation of which it is engaged is permitted sufficient publicity to draw any useful information which may be got through newspapers, but no more. In the Bournemouth case a fortnight after the occurrence newspapers are still canvassing clues, taking worthless statements from people with reluctant and belated recollections, and generally confusing the whole investigation of a crime which has unusual features of general public interest. The climax was reached when Bournemouth police asked the *Times* to publish a facsimile of a telegram which had been in all the other papers for days before, on the ground that the *Times* is a paper specially read by motorists. One detects here an oblique reference to a certain motoring insurance scheme, but it was at least astonishing that the Bournemouth police should have asked the *Times* readers to pay special attention to the way in which their chauffeurs wrote the word "more," when the word "more" did not appear in the telegram concerned.

Another singular circumstance, as Mr. Sherlock Holmes used to say, was the publication in the *Daily Express* of a facsimile of a letter said to have been written by the murderer and to bear marked resemblance to the handwriting of the telegrams. As the writer of the letter had clearly been reading the newspapers it is curious that he should have made the same mistake in spelling "Bournemouth" in his letter as in the telegrams—a mistake which had been widely commented upon in the Press. It was also a singular coincidence that he managed to introduce into his letter two words which also appeared in the telegrams, for the purposes of comparison.

An alarming though ludicrous change is coming over the daily Press. In the past the main function of a newspaper was to impart news, but to-day this object is becoming merely subsidiary to that of insuring its

readers against any and every domestic crisis. The various Organs of Public Opinion vie recklessly with one another in winning the prize of public favour, like men outbidding one another at an auction. The man in the street has to choose his paper no longer for its political views but rather on a nicely-reckoned calculation as to whether this journal or that will best cover him against the misfortunes to which he is liable—in other words, the paper he reads depends most of all upon his apprehension of the relative advantages of being paid for falling off a bus or losing his shirt in the wash. The survivors of a man and wife registered as readers of only three different papers would, in the event of their deaths in a railway or omnibus accident, benefit to the extent of some £21,000.

We are in complete accord with those who urge instant removal by the Railway Companies of the red-tape designed to entangle and trip the season-ticket holder. Nothing could be more unjust and at the same time more exasperating than the attitude of most of the companies, which is merely a relic of the bureaucratic control of railways during the war; and it should be immediately abandoned. It may be necessary (though we are far from admitting it) to retain the daily inspection of season-tickets in view of the increase in fraudulent travelling; but to demand in every case of non-production an immediate payment of the full fare is a tyranny which ought no longer to be endured. The railways have improved since the removal of State control, but the companies still take too much for granted in the way of public complacency, and sufficient discomfort is already afforded the heavily charged and overcrowded traveller without the infliction of this additional injustice.

It is understood that the Order of Merit which was awarded to Sir James Barrie was in the first instance offered by the Prime Minister to an elderly and semi-clerical Scottish journalist who is much respected by his friends, but who under no circumstances would be regarded as worthy to receive a decoration which has been worn by George Meredith and Henry James, and is now by Thomas Hardy. To his great credit this gentleman refused the honour, but apparently suggested it being passed on to a one-time protégé of his, Sir James Barrie. Sir James Barrie is a most distinguished writer, but he had already been rewarded by a baronetcy, and in any case his literary success has been a little too completely the result of studying and providing what the public wants to justify any further multiplication of decorative recognition.

#### GENERAL ELECTIONEERING

WE want our fellow-countrymen to realise the figure England is cutting in Cannes. What should we think if M. Briand or Dr. Wirth were to invade this country with a train of ministers, financiers, newspaper proprietors, social luminaries and a secretariat, and if such of our hotels as they did not occupy at their taxpayers' expense were filled with the inevitable train of cinematographers, Press representatives, portrait painters, and biographers? We should think it rather contemptible. Yet this is happening. We find it difficult to believe in the Prime Minister's sanity. His record of the past six months is scarcely believable. In the summer he had the whole Ministry transported to Gairloch. This was not an act of Premiership, but of Kingship—the only difference being that no King would have dared to do it, and we think that we shall be within the historical recollection of our readers when we say that no King ever has done such a thing in the whole course of British history. And now, as we open our newspapers, day by day, the alarming developments in the Prime Minister's procedure and the daily accessions to his retinue take our breath away. First we were told that he was going into re-

tirement on the Mediterranean Coast by order of the faculty, who had laid before him the alternatives of a complete rest or a breakdown. Everyone was sympathizing with his condition. But we knew that neither his own nature nor the penalties of his personal ascendancy would let him rest. First it was announced that this Minister was going; then, that. So far it was comprehensible. This Minister and that had concern with the prospective negotiations with France. But then other Ministers who had no concern began to trickle through from Switzerland and elsewhere. With them came their friends. Then comes Mr. Bonar Law, who is not a Minister but who evidently wants to be one, and in these days when we are no longer governed by the Chamber but by the ante-Chamber, we can only suppose that it was but natural that he should pay his court where the court happened to be. Lastly, we were surprised to learn that the noble Marquis, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the exemplification of dignity and high demeanour, was hauled peremptorily from the country estate where he had planned to pass his vacation, and at the Premier's summons forced to undertake a long and tedious journey to the presence of his master. There he is doubtless now receiving in becoming humility a reproof for his recent indiscretions. All and sundry, bringers of gifts and seekers of office, Cabinet makers and Cabinet breakers, those who work in darkness and in light, and those who neither toil nor spin are now gathered around the man from whom all worldly blessings flow.

This is the atmosphere in which a General Election is being planned. Here are the stratagems for the great onslaught on the voters being devised, and in this scene is the future course of this Empire and its politics being determined. Another five years of this! That is what a General Election means.

There are, of course, two factions who alternately gain the potentate's ear. In so far as it is possible to gauge the eventuation of the Premier's plans at all a General Election has been decided upon for the near future. Needless to say the interests of the country have not been for an instant consulted. The possibilities of success are the only considerations. It is naively stated in the Coalition Press that the moment is propitious, seeing that all the Governmental pledges, with the exception of House of Lords reform, have been fulfilled. Of course they have been fulfilled. And no sooner were they fulfilled than they were repealed. In housing, education and agriculture, the policies on which the Government was elected are being deliberately reversed. As far as domestic policy is concerned, if the Prime Minister goes to the country he will go to ask for a mandate to reverse the few remaining measures which he himself told the electorate were indispensable. Again, it is suggested in the Coalition Press that he may have to ask for authority to put the Geddes Report into operation. But it is his policy that gave the Geddes Committee its *raison d'être*. It was said, we believe, of Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, that he had "caught the Whigs bathing and run away with their clothes." But if Mr. Lloyd George so far purloins the policy of those who have consistently opposed his administration as to ask for the confidence of the elector to repeal his own measures, he will not have run away with the clothes of people who are bathing, but will have stripped them of their clothes in broad daylight. And as even he feels some doubt as to whether public opinion would tolerate so crude a robbery, now is his chance—or thus at any rate he conceives it—to knock the electorate senseless with a shillelah. He will appear before the voters with a piece of shamrock in one hand and the other hand behind his back. When he is asked what is in the other hand he will rapidly transfer the shamrock to it. It will no longer be "Hang the Kaiser," but "God Bless Michael Collins."

But there are certain factors which the Prime Minister has left out of account. In spite of the almost universal feeling in the country in favour of some sort



of Peace with Ireland this election may smash the Coalition. It may well return a majority of members prepared to support the Coalition, but it will return a far more independent body of members than the House of Commons has lately seen. It is trite to say that Mr. Lloyd George has broken up the party system. He has not only broken up the system, he has broken up the party. The Liberals are in chaos; the Conservatives are at loggerheads. Although Mr. Lloyd George may place his chief reliance on the Conservative Party he will find a growing number of Conservatives preferring to stand without his coupon rather than with it. The dissensions within the ranks of the old parties themselves and within the Coalition itself will render the next General Election a most unsatisfactory expression of public opinion, and the divisions amongst the moderate men of Liberalism and Conservatism respectively will give great opportunities to the extremists.

Taking into account the unfairness of putting the Irish issue before the electorate and the manner in which the arrangements are being made in a foreign country for the attack upon the British electorate, we record our emphatic disapproval of the project. When the War was brooding, the Kaiser was "sick." He had been recommended by the doctors to take a yachting cruise. The situation of Mr. Lloyd George is not dissimilar. Like the Kaiser, he is a great master of tactics, especially of surprise tactics. We fear that before he is found out he will be found in. That, after all, is what he chiefly cares about.

#### THE DIFFICULTY WITH FRANCE

THOUGH the Cannes meeting includes Italy and Japan, and is therefore a meeting of the Supreme Council, the only significant part of it is the personal discussion between Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand on the relations between England and France. Ever since it was first proposed on behalf of the French Government that the Ruhr Valley should be occupied there has been a steadily growing political divergence between the two countries. In France, as their political habit is, this has expressed itself with a certain logical brutality and directness in speech, in newspapers, and by the apparatus of caricature. Not since the attacks on Queen Victoria during the Boer War has the French comic Press been so ruthless in its candour towards this country. These outbreaks would not matter so much if they were read or intended to be read solely by the British. We easily make allowances for these things. But unfortunately they are digested, not by English people who never see a French comic weekly unless they happen to live in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, but by the mass of the French electorate in Paris and still more in the provinces, who are therefore led to believe that an accusation against England will be a sufficient excuse to cover up any political failure in the Government of France. Whereas, here in England, even in times like the present, the foreign policy of the Government has a very slight bearing on its position and stability, in France foreign affairs dominate the whole political situation. Ministries stand or fall by the measure of their ability to convince the public through the newspapers, or the Chamber through their oratory, of their ability to maintain the glory of their country in Europe and in the world. A witty Belgian once said that the French were "des accapareurs de la gloire"—glory hoarders. It is a charge which a Frenchman would find it difficult to resist, and when some domestic trouble threatens and a Berthelot has to resign because of some financial scandal, or an anti-clerical majority in the Senate becomes unpleasant over the payment towards some mission to the Vatican, the natural gesture of the French Prime Minister is to unfurl the national flag, insist on building in the face of every financial and military consideration a fleet of submarines, threaten the rest of the world with the armed exploitation of the immense

populations of Africa, and set the drums beating from Frankfurt to Warsaw and on to Angora in the interests of the glory of France. The mind of the French public and of the volatile and sensitive deputies in the Chamber is thereby diverted from the contemplation of those scandals and incidents which have played so large a part in the politics of the third Republic. We must, therefore, be prepared to regard whatever M. Briand may say or do in Anglo-French relations as governed by the consideration that he is using them for internal political purposes as well as in the general interests of European settlement, and we must be prepared to read whatever news comes from Cannes in the light of that fact.

There is, however, another and more fundamental aspect of Anglo-French relations. The essential difficulty which lies at the root of the present lack of sympathy between England and France is the difference between the two nations in their conception of the meaning and character of the late war. Rightly or wrongly, we regarded the war as different, not merely in degree but in character, from previous European struggles, and we regarded the Peace Treaty as an attempt to express a conception of settlement which would be different in character from the settlements which had followed previous wars. France, on the other hand, regarded the war quite frankly as one of a series with which Europe had become tragically familiar from the Thirty Years' War onwards. She is far from regarding the Peace Treaty as establishing a new era in which national aspirations will be ratified by the creation of new states, and means will be found by the establishment of the Covenant of the League of Nations of accommodating international rivalries without recourse to armies. The French think of the Treaty or Treaties of Peace only as a chapter in the general progress of European diplomacy, to which other chapters will doubtless later be added, and which does not differ in the means by which the plot is unfolded from previous pages in the same history. And as diplomatic enterprise in the past has been based on the ultimate reasoning of military force, it seems to France only normal and necessary that she should provide herself with the means for making effective the national policy which she believes it her destiny to pursue. Hence the French insistence on a strong army and a blank refusal to consider any form of land disarmament. Hence, too, the insistence on the right to build submarines to an immense extent; partly because the French Admiralty, which had little practical experience of submarines during the war, formed an exaggerated opinion of German success in this direction, and believes, therefore, that the submarine would be a protection against any possible fresh threat which might embarrass the freedom of action of the French military forces, partly because there is a school of French naval opinion which really believes that you can transport black troops from Africa in submarine vessels. Thereby, they argue, France could avoid risks which might occur if, in the event of a renewed Franco-German war, we were to re-declare the doctrine of armed neutrality with which we controlled the Baltic in the Napoleonic wars, and were to attempt to localise the conflict by discountenancing the passage of African troops to Europe. If it be asked why the French Government should hold opinions of this kind about ourselves, it must be remembered that France has politically always lived on the system of changing friendships and alliances as the balance of power on the Continent appeared to dictate, and that quite logically and dispassionately she is prepared to envisage the possibility of a regrouping such as took place, for instance, in the middle of the Napoleonic wars. She would be quite prepared to assume that the alliance which sent five million British troops to France, and left close on a million of them on the field of battle, could be replaced by some other combination dictated by political expediency, or by a fancied desire on the part of this country to prevent or impede French plans



for the political and military ascendancy of Europe from the Vistula to the Rhine.

What, in the face of such a political mentality, which it is necessary neither to criticise nor condemn but merely to comprehend, should be the attitude of our own country? Removed as we are from the closer intimacies and enmities of the Continental system, we have always held it a fixed point of English policy not to look on without interest at any attempt on the part of any power to acquire an ascendancy on the Continent. Our interest in this respect differs in no way if the Power which appears to be in danger of desiring or assuming such a predominance is a stranger or, as in the case of France, an ally and a friend. We feel instinctively a dislike of a policy which appears to mean the economic ruin of Germany, the indefinite segregation of Russia, the political domination of states like Poland which were intended to be independent and self-reliant, and the exploitation of a rebellious situation in Turkey which destroys the whole fabric of a Treaty signed on the soil of France, and to which the French Government was one of the leading parties. On the other hand we believe in French culture, in France as the protagonist and exponent of the oldest and still the most vital aspects of European civilization. We believe in her immense capacity and success as a colonising power. And we believe that she does an injustice to herself when she confuses her own immense experience and expertness in the conduct of war with what we have learned to regard in the German as militarism. We think that the French do not yet clearly realise how complete was the victory which ended in the Armistice in 1918, and though we should be glad to replace the rather bruised Entente with a fixed Alliance, we should care only for an alliance which was based, not on protective and combative principles, so much as on a mutual co-operation to restore the fortunes not only of our own respective countries but of all Europe from the Ural Mountains to the ultimate edge of Connemara.

### THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM

BY HERBERT AUSTIN

EARLY in 1917 Parliament recognised the fact that the Grand Jury system was not a vital part of the administration of Criminal Law and that, in common with other inconvenient and expensive institutions, its activities could, at any rate during the continuance of the Great War, be allowed to remain in abeyance. It was hoped by many whose duty or practice takes them to the Criminal Courts that the experience gained during that period would show that the Grand Jury might be permanently abolished. By the Grand Jury (Suspension) Act 1917, it was provided that during the continuance of the late war and for a period of six months after the termination thereof the summoning of Grand Juries should be discontinued; and as the war officially ended on the 31st of August last, the Grand Jury system would not, in the ordinary course, have been resuscitated until March 1st, 1922. But taking advantage of a provision in the Administration of Justice Act 1920, an Order in Council was recently issued ante-dating the revival of Grand Juries to the 23rd of December 1921, and the present Epiphany Quarter Sessions and Winter Assizes see them at work again.

For the past hundred years the Grand Jury system has been the subject of much controversy. The actual origin of the Grand Jury is not clearly defined, but in early Anglo-Saxon times a body of twelve senior thegns were sworn in the County Court to accuse no innocent man and acquit no guilty one. These twelve thegns were a jury of presentment or accusation and possibly formed the basis for the Grand Jury system. Later on, the Assize of Clarendon directed the Sheriff to summon a sufficient number of persons, *homines probi et legales*, to assist him in enquiring into crimes and in taking measures for the apprehension of offenders, and this body, sometimes called "The Grand Inquest" developed

into the Grand Jury of modern times. The duty of the Grand Jurors was, therefore, to *detect and accuse* of crime, and in this their functions were analogous to those of our present day Director of Public Prosecutions. From the first the Grand Jury was the secret tribunal which it remains to-day. According to Sir Matthew Hale (Book II. p. 151) in all criminal causes the most regular and safe way, and most convenient with Magna Charta, is by presentment or indictment of twelve sworn men, and in compliance with this condition the number of the Grand Jury is fixed at not less than twelve nor more than twenty-three, and twelve at least must concur in the presentment.

By slow degrees the atmosphere of the Grand Jury room and the functions of the Grand Jury changed, so that eventually its purpose became diametrically opposite to that for which it was originally instituted. Instead of acting as *prosecutors* it was assumed that the duty of Grand Jurors was to *protect and excuse*, and, in the exercise of these new functions, great praise was lavished upon the Grand Jury by that distinguished lawyer Lord Somers in his book 'The Security of Englishmen's lives, or The Trust, Power and Duty of the Grand Juries of England explained.' About the middle of the nineteenth century doubts seem to have arisen as to the utility of the system, and its continuance became the subject of much discussion and pamphleteering, with the result that in 1852 a Bill was introduced in Parliament "to render it unnecessary to summon the Grand Jury within the Metropolitan district." Turgot (the French statesman) asserted "he could alter fashions, laws or ideas ten times in a despotic monarchy for once that they could be moved in the popular realm of England," and so far as the Grand Jury system was concerned his opinion certainly seems well founded, for in spite of much argument in favour of the Bill as an experimental measure, the provisions of which might, if found useful, be applied to the whole country, the proposed legislation did not pass through the House. No further action was taken until the suspension of 1917.

From time to time opinions both for and against the system have been ventilated, and the chief argument used by its supporters appears to be that a Judge or Law Officer of the Crown should not be saddled with the responsibility of authorizing a criminal prosecution without the intervention of a Grand Jury. But this contention seems to have little substance when the existing law as to presentation of Bills of Indictment to a Grand Jury is carefully examined. As a general rule, Grand Jurors may present an indictment against any person for any felony or misdemeanour of which they have personal knowledge, or which is suggested to them by the sworn statement of a witness. The only exceptions to this rule are certain misdemeanours coming within the provisions of the Vexatious Indictments Act 1859, and certain felonies for prosecution of which the Attorney General's *fiat* is essential. (*Vide* Explosives Act 1883). In such cases a bill of indictment may not be presented to or found by a Grand Jury unless preferred by direction or consent in writing of a Judge of the High Court or of the Attorney General. What, therefore, becomes of the argument in favour? And is it really probable, bearing in mind that the Grand Jurors only hear evidence for the prosecution, that the Grand Jury will fail to find a true bill in a case where such direction or consent has been given?

In any circumstances, if a Grand Jury fails to find a true bill such finding does not actually relieve the accused, however innocent he may be, from the risk of another prosecution and consequent suspense and expense. Indeed, in cases of murder and manslaughter an accused person can be, and has often been, tried on a Coroner's Inquisition though the bill presented to the Grand Jury against him was ignored. Again, the contention frequently put forward that the Grand Jury system necessarily saves an innocent man from oppression, worry and expense is ill-founded, for though in a

very small percentage of cases the finding of "No Bill" may have effected such a salvation it is well known that malicious persons, by inducing a Grand Jury to find a true bill, have secured the indictment and trial of the innocent. Surely it should no longer be legal that any person may by *ex parte* statement secure the finding of an indictment for felony against any other person, however innocent, behind his back and without any preliminary proceedings.

Having considered the Grand Jury system from the purely legal side we may suggest a few considerations from the practical point of view of the ratepayer. Except at Courts having very little business, the sittings of the Grand Jury entail the attendance of all witnesses in each case for not less than one extra half-day (four hours being computed as a half-day) over and above the time necessary for attending the actual trial, and in the majority of cases for a much longer period. This has been estimated to increase attendance of witnesses at Criminal Courts by at least thirty per cent., and such an increase at all the Assizes and Quarter Sessions throughout the kingdom, translated into money, imposes a very heavy burden upon local rates, quite apart from the inconvenience and loss occasioned to the witnesses themselves. In this estimate the cost of summoning jurors, wages of attendants and other necessary expenses are not taken into account. In these days when the economist is abroad such considerations ought not to be disregarded.

There seems to be little doubt that the experience of the last five years tends to confirm the opinion that the Grand Jury system is no longer a necessary adjunct to our Law of Criminal Procedure; and that as it incurs so much expense and inconvenience its abolition should be seriously considered.

#### A DAY'S PARTRIDGE SHOOTING ON THE PLAIN

IT is alleged by the inhabitants of certain acres in the south and eastern midlands that beyond the borders of these the shooting of partridges, in the eclectic sense, is non-existent. Within the circle, they say, of which Ely is the centre and Peterborough a point on the circumference, is to be found included all that in the way of partridge shooting can really be said to matter. But we in Wiltshire know better, even as we know that in Wiltshire we are at England's heart; that our downs are its oldest downs and the printed furrows upon them its most ancient ways; and that in our chalk-streams, nourishing our trout, flows the very liquor of England's life. And so it is with our partridge shooting. We do not compete. We are what we are. And it was pleasantly conscious of this that we packed the little car with overcoats, guns and cartridges.

The day was one of those golden hazy days left as a hostage in the hands of winter; and the seven miles that we had to travel led us through a land of sunshine. Neither of us knew intimately the country over which we were to shoot, though we had known casually for many years the genial and typically Wiltshire farmer whose guests we were to become. Generous in every way, in the acres that he farmed, in the fortune that they had yielded to him, in the build of his person, the Doric of his speech, and the hospitality of his board, he might have sat for the Anglo-Saxon counterpart of the robust and fiery-hearted Cyrano, and incidentally, without demanding much exaggeration from the artist's brush.

We found him, burly as ever, on the lawn of his four-square, weathered and sweet-smelling house, surrounded by a group as congruous with the spirit of the place as our hearts could have desired. The oldest in years probably, though it would have been hard to detect it, was the colonel-commandant of a neighbouring cavalry camp, with a young A.D.C. at his shoulder, obviously stamped with the strain of the war. Talking, a few yards off, to another cavalry colonel with a

pair of Labrador retrievers, was a tall blonde-haired, pink-faced major; and these, we were assured, were the party's crack shots. Standing beside them, with a couple of soldier servants, were two reticent young subalterns, and another farmer arrived in a long-suffering two-seater just as the lots were being drawn for position.

Lounging against the hedge on the opposite side of the road were a couple of dozen beaters, half of them in khaki, and half of them spared, as is always on such occasions so mysteriously possible, from the work of the three thousand acres that our host of the day so ably farmed. But, a minute or two later, these filed up the road, shepherded by a keeper on horseback, and disappeared over some rising ground as we crossed the road to our first stands. We were now in the heart of the Plain, and on two sides of the little pasture into which we had moved, the downland retreated from us into the first of the many billows over which the day was to see us travel. The third side was flanked by the road, and beyond the barbed wire to the north lay the fifty acres of roots, over which the beaters were to approach us.

There was no cover, but out of the remnants of an old straw stack one or two of us made little butts, behind which we sat, in our simple Wiltshire fashion, waiting for the first-fruits of the day. Next to us, on our right, and supported by a very small and nondescript boy, the colonel-commandant sat nursing his gun and smoking a well-thumbed briar. On our left, kneeling on one knee, and accompanied by a soldier servant, the blonde major was stationed between us and the cavalry colonel with the Labradors. Blending discreetly with the landscape, like a pair of solemn-eyed baby twins, these lay mute behind their master, adorning no less than they were adorned. Neither of the crack shots, however, was successful when at last the birds came flying high, to the secret satisfaction of my host who brought down a brace before the beaters came in sight, and (as he suspected, but was contented to leave unclaimed) a third retrieved by the nondescript small boy. These, with a couple of runners, pursued and dispatched by three or four active members of the post-war army, were all that fell before we were again assembled and ordered to climb into one of the farm's motor lorries. The farmer with the two-seater accommodated the subalterns, and we now plunged away across the open down, a spectacle sufficient no doubt to horrify the least prejudiced of Norfolk purists, and even those admirers, perhaps, of our own ancient downs whose attachment to them is merely sentimental. But between true lovers there is no such thing as sacrilege, and these were not the pampered cars of townsmen.

Nor would our second beat probably have availed much to allay the midland sportsman's scorn. For we presently found ourselves posted in a tortuous kind of valley, with irregular, naked, and unpromising sides, and praying for carefulness on the part of our unseen neighbours what time the birds should make their appearance. Moreover, when they did appear, after another longish interval, they were chiefly of the down variety, none the less sweet but admittedly small, and perhaps even justifying the commandant's complaint that they came over looking like starlings, and what was the use of firing at them? But the ground that we stood upon was holy ground; the only sky in the world arched above us; and the blonde major entered upon good terms with himself with a sufficiently difficult left and right. The baby Labradors, too, distinguished themselves in their dealings with a tired bird on the ridge behind us; and, if further proof had been necessary that this was indeed our country's heart, it could have been adduced a couple of hours later. For what could have been more sacramental than our lunch, gathered in a minor wrinkle of this generous vastness, with our host beaming upon our guests, home from every corner of the Empire—bidding us drink beer brewed of its richest barley and partake of cheese such as no shop would ever see, and with the distant thud



of the big guns to lend it all a savour too poignant for speech? Brooding over us all, too, for the beaters were lunching with us, was that fine sense of open air comradeship that still in such places accepts, remembers, and discounts all the accidents of social difference, and is the secret, forgotten in towns, of Anglo-Saxon unity.

So for many miles we tramped or bumped over the crisp turf and the rough chalk tracks, meeting at last for the final beat of the day in the little meadow from which we had set out, and receiving from the beaters, boisterously homing for tea, a very tornado of birds. From all sides they converged upon us, high and low, down birds, valley birds, and Frenchmen; and it was a far more than contented party that gathered in the dark-panelled farm-house parlour. Judged by numbers it was not a day to remember, perhaps; our nine guns had accounted for forty odd brace. But in Wiltshire we judge not by numbers, and dusk drew down upon us like a blessing. Quietly, as we drove home, the hills that hid Stonehenge themselves hid from us in the darkness; and it was only when we stopped for a moment, at the beckoning of a lantern, to exchange good-nights with a friend, that we could hear the Avon in the meadow below us still whispering to its willows.

### "SATURDAY" DINNERS

#### III. AT ROMANO'S

ROMANO was an unusual person, a character as we say; characters, literary, journalistic, theatrical, sporting, were among his earliest patrons; and through many changes, by no means all for the better, since his death Romano's has preserved something of the original atmosphere. Not exactly the haunt of epicures, it has remained a place where cheerful people find it possible to dine in the surroundings they like, a resort for the smarter kind of bohemian. The dining-room, handsomely decorated in a rather too intentionally decorative style, but bright and comfortable and not too large, well suggests the aims of the establishment. Some of the diners have sofa seats, others have wide and deep arm-chairs, only a few use the conventional comfortless restaurant chair, and you observe that a large proportion of them linger on after dinner. The new manager, M. Battastini, trained in the Ritz-Carlton school and with German and South American experience, encourages this ease and intimacy. He hopes to revive as nearly as possible the Romano's of old days. In matters culinary he is a disciple of M. Escoffier, though he seems more anxious than that master to introduce exotic dishes to the epicurean Londoner.

There was, however, nothing strange in the menu he prepared for us the other evening and, being proud of his calligraphy and of some artistic talent, wrote out with his own hand. Here it is:

Germiny  
Mousseline de Homard Grand Duc  
Bécasse au Fumet  
Salade Japonaise  
Biscuit Glacé aux Avelines  
Mignardises

It is a nice question how far the merit of congruity in design should excuse slight shortcoming in the execution of one or two items in a dinner. Our own view is that, such shortcoming being very probably the result of an accident not likely to be repeated, merit in design should excuse much, if most of the dinner has been so cooked as to establish the presence of a capable chef. Accident can be guarded against, but where the aim is wrong there can be no hope of a perfect dinner on any day of the three hundred and sixty-five. Now this dinner was very well designed indeed and the soup and the bird would have satisfied the most fastidious; the sweet was pleasant, too, though most of its attraction was in the pretty fancy of serving it from a swan-boat carved out of ice; and we do not propose to dwell on the partial failure of the lobster *mousseline*.

*Germiny*, the soup resulting from the addition of egg

yolks to white *consommé*, is not only one of the best of soups but very well suited to be the introduction to a choice dinner. We have never known it more suave to the palate or more agreeable to the eye than it was the other evening at Romano's. Whether the establishment has thought of exploring its full possibilities we do not know, but remembering what it has yielded in our own amateur experience, we would recommend the experiment of substituting for the white *consommé* its equivalent in *consommé* in which carrots or peas have been cooked. Thus may be produced soups much more delicately rich and better deserving of the title of vegetable creams than those to which the name is usually given. But to return to our criticism of this dinner. Passing over the lobster *mousseline*, the woodcock deserved praise for being prepared in a way which brought out its character fully, which, of course, should be the ambition of all cookery no matter what the material. Whether woodcock surpasses all other feathered game in every respect may be matter for debate, but it is certain that its *fumet* is more distinctive and durable than that of any other bird, and it is for the chef to exploit that fact. This defined flavour, if preserved and heightened by proper methods, allows of considerable freedom in regard to the salad, and the *salade japonaise* was quite successful as an accompaniment. Of the iced sweet, borne to the table on the back of a swan cut out of a block of ice, we have already said something. M. Battastini lamented to us that some English diners seek a savoury after the ice, and we share his horror of the barbarism, holding that such indulgence is bad for the digestion and spoils the palate for any rare wine that may appear at the end of the meal. We may add that we set no value on dessert, and disapprove of fruit at the end of an adequate dinner, unless—but this never happens—some one has had the good sense to act on the truth that the medlar is the best possible accompaniment for a vintage wine.

At Romano's we had the idea of passing by some very good wines in the list to discover what the restaurant could do for diners who required merely a white wine of the sort often served at a French dinner *pour le soir* and a sound ordinary Burgundy. The Graves put before us proved just potable; the Burgundy was a Chambertin, and though, as we have remarked in a previous article, we demand virility in a Burgundy and therefore prefer Romanée to the charming, rather feminine Clos de Vougeot, we are disposed to think of Chambertin as over-doing the strong man and being something of a bully. This at Romano's was a fair specimen of the wine and the year, 1915.

The bill was:

	£	s.	d.
Two dinners ... ..	1	11	0
Half bottle Graves ... ..	0	4	0
Half bottle Chambertin ... ..	0	6	6
Cocktails ... ..	0	3	0
Cognac, Romanos 1875 ... ..	0	10	0
Coffee ... ..	0	1	0
	£2	15	6

The 1875 brandy of which the house makes some boast is excellent, and the coffee was good. The charges generally are moderate, for you are to remember that this was a special dinner. As for the service, we would congratulate M. Battastini on having taught his staff to avoid hurrying dinner, and on the comeliness and neat handling of the apparatus brought to the side tables when the chafing-dish or the press is needed.

✱ The next article will deal with the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Hotel Metropole.

### THE 'NEW ENGLISH' REVISITED

By D. S. MACCOLL

IT is over fifteen years since I used to write in this REVIEW, and more than that since I last wrote about the New English Art Club, because for some time before I became an official I had taken a part in its



management and left its criticism to other hands. I first wrote about it in very early days. The painters who had exhibited together as "English Impressionists," including Steer, Sickert, George Thomson and Sidney Starr, were among its forces, and had a very bad Press. Even George Moore, fresh from a dazzling Paris, was treating them in 'The Hawk' as a batch of "slack-baked boys." But it seemed to me that here was the new living thing, in succession to the ebbing Preraphaelite impulse. When I see now some of the pictures that carried conviction to me then I can understand that others were blind to their promise; and I tell myself, wholesomely, that I may be equally blind to promise now visible to its immediate contemporaries: but it is fatal and it is futile for a critic to pretend, whether about the old or the young. That by the way: the two or three artists who attracted me then have justified my faith, and the Club continued to interest me because it continued to be a focus of whatever fresh life there was. This it owed in part to a remarkable constitution of a republican and democratic cast. There was no president; and Whistler, who was content to be nothing less than absolute King, departed very soon. More important was the rule under which the selecting jury was chosen by the votes of exhibitors as well as members. But behind this democratic framework and set, the free current from without, was a rock-like constant, the influence in administration of three men to whom was later joined a fourth. These were Frederick Brown (afterwards Slade Professor), Wilson Steer, Francis Bate, who sacrificed painting to act for long as Honorary Secretary, and Henry Tonks. These men possessed two shining virtues. The first I am perhaps disposed, as a Highlander, to over-rate; I mean loyalty: it seems to me to include the categorical virtues, or at least to bind and sweeten them. It is the virtue that makes Mr. Asquith singular and respectable among politicians and it is nearly as rare in art as in politics. It meant, in this case, renouncing a good many occasions of selfish advantage, and standing by a small and unfashionable society. To the Highlander there might be an attraction in that without further motive: but to those Englishmen the attraction was in the exercise of fairplay to the newcomer: they kept house for the homeless at a time when houses were few: they were generous-minded and just.

The result of the policy thus directed was to make the Club not a close garden for its original members with jealous additions, but a nursery from which plants were extensively transferred and bedded out, while their places were taken by new saplings, by experiments in grafting and cross-fertilization: depleted by drafts to the Academy and elsewhere, the exhibitions filled up with new and often transient recruits round the stiffening of the element that remained staunch.

To name those who made their first appearance at the exhibitions or in their earlier years were exhibitors or members would be to write in short the chronicle of painting in this country from the first nineties till now. John Sargent was a pillar for some years; Crawhall fitfully appeared; Brabazon made his name; William Rothenstein, Charles Conder, Charles Shannon, Augustus John, William Orpen, Ambrose McEvoy and many more have passed through or lingered, down to the young of pre-war days, like Duncan Grant, Mark Gertler, William Roberts: and in a younger generation there were recruits to the faithful nucleus: David Muirhead, Muirhead Bone, Francis Dodd, C. J. Holmes, among them. The first great hiving-off was when George Clausen and the "Newlyn School" were absorbed by the Academy; the second when James Guthrie and the "Glasgow" School along with others set up a new camp in the "International" round the tent of Whistler. And so to the days of the Friday Club, the Camden Town Group and the London Group. Fame and success had come to the veterans. Sales for a few pounds in the early days had been an event; but with time a little band of quiet patrons had formed itself; and I remember Mr. McWhirter, whom I had induced

to hand over to the Tate Pettie's portrait of himself and best performance, complaining sadly that high prices had passed away from the Academy to the little New English.

With the War came something of a blight. There was little doing in painting except portraits; the portrait-painters among the members were drawn away to more fashionable quarters; and among the young ferocious and their backers in the Press the word went forth that the Club was petrifying, had become an old fogeydom like the Academy before it, and that life existed only in the changing kaleidoscope of the "groups." It was characteristic of the veterans that on the first hints of dissatisfaction they handed over control to the young, and some of them renounced exhibition. It was the heaviest blow the Club has suffered. The sorry truth was that except among the war artists little beyond exhaustion and movement-débris was anywhere to be found. Yet at the deadeast hour a little flicker of new life showed; in the bare nursery a seedling put forth buds. It has been my conviction, since first I began to write, that no great flood-tide for the art of painting can return except from intellectual and religious fountains. No mere copying of the old illustrations will serve: the art of the Churches is dead. New ideas there must be, a rehandling of the ancient myths, ironic or prophetic, as in the scriptures of our profoundest artist, Blake. Our art-students with their narrow education and fear of literature are shut away from such sources: there will not be a horizon opened for them till in each art-school there is a theatre, in which, under impulses of poetry and of fun, plays, dresses, scenery, are produced by the students. Then they will have something to paint upon walls. At present they are without a subject. The war gave a subject to Mr. Stanley Spencer, and thereafter it was evident that his mind had hankerings for religious and visionary matter. He has the gift of seeing the strange in the ordinary: a little piece in the present show would prove it—the surprise, the immediacy of a great sheet of water in an everyday landscape. But he wants ideas. When he painted 'Christ coming to Cookham' what really hypnotised him were the muslin curtains fluttering out of the windows: Jesus Christ was a hardly discoverable detail. When he painted the 'Last Supper' what fascinated him was a pattern of the disciples' feet: they swelled portentous under his eyes and eclipsed the drama. And the colour sense that flickered in the war painting, and the form that woke to intensity in filigrees of foliage and mosaics of brick, grow vague in non-significant persons. Will he yet have something to say?

How does the nursery-garden grow in this new year? Putting the seniors aside, there is little enough of painting that will stand. Mr. A. N. Lewis is the leading type of a number of young artists who have one or another element of painting, but lack some of the essentials. His 'Gypsies' have drawing and character, but neither colour nor values: by values I mean those variations of colour-with-tone that establish a projection and recession of objects; that make them at once real, mysterious and beautiful. There is one colourist among them all, Mr. Alvaro Guevara. Just as Mr. McEvoy pursues across his queue of fashionable ladies an evasive and enchanting duel of daylight and electric glare, so does Mr. Guevara trade upon the dangerous and exciting borders of colour in a region where it is a wager of all or nothing. Mrs. Lewis, of the Cavendish hotel, with her flame-coloured dress and the blue-greys upon her hair against the shimmer or shout of the other tints, is his most notable hit since the 'Wheels' of the Tate Gallery, after various misses in between. The critics who quarrel with his perspective have apparently never seen a figure not seated upon a studio-throne, but on a floor. What is wanting for greater security is those same values. With them the head would not explode, nor details like the stripe of green in the carpet jump.

But the critics are out in their own perspective. It has been obvious for some time that in the dearth of pictures the New English has been a school of drawing. Never in England since mediæval times has there been such training and accomplishment. That is in great part due to the Slade School, from which so many of the seedlings come. But not wholly. Has there been in the history of art such appetite and unwearied application as are to be found in Mr. Muirhead Bone's 'Heart of Marseilles'? There is heart-breaking stuff in it, for example the trees, that would hamper anyone from making a perfect work of art out of the subject; but from end to end, down to the recession of the advertisements, Mr. Bone goes on, never stopped or bored: he leaves off. Of its kind this is a miracle, and in its wake are Mr. Unwin, Mr. Rushbury and many besides.

One point more: in the general loss or contempt of colour a number of women-painters, after the conservative fashion of women (do they not still believe in the vote?) have held on: Miss Ethel Walker, Mrs. Cheston, Miss Fairlie Harmar, Miss Ursula Tyrwhitt, Miss Pickard, Miss Sands, Miss Hudson, Miss Gosse, are among them. In the present exhibition look particularly at the 'Old Menton' (183), of Miss Pickard and the 'Band at Ortes' (59), of Miss Tyrwhitt; and a new name stops me, that of Miss Lane in the broadly washed (No. 188).

To two artists is allotted a memorial space; the water colourist Alfred Rich and the sculptor Havard Thomas. Both will have more extended exhibition, and I must defer what I have to say till then.

#### FIRST AID FOR MR. BOURCHIER

By JAMES AGATE

GIVING evidence in a recent libel action, Mr. Arthur Bouchier said that there were two kinds of dramatic criticism—the constructive and the destructive. None welcomed the first more eagerly than he, none more frankly resented the second. Dramatic critics, he implied, were divisible into sheep increase of the reputations whereon they pastured, and goats, entirely self-centred, nibblesome, profitless. I could have wished for a nobler hierarchy in which the critic might choose between, say, some sentry of the incorruptible blade and the ministering angel of the old Morality Play. I should not be long deciding. Play-actor, would be my cry, I will go with thee, and be thy guide. In thy most need to go by thy side. Only I should desire this distinguished particular to make declaration that he deems 'The Thing that Matters' to be a work of, at least, sound craftsmanship. The critic is no tinker, no patcher-up of plays the box-office knew all along to be ramshackle, but hoped would hold together. I am not to be put off by the plea that play and actor are "presented" by a commercial syndicate. Mr. Bouchier is the lessee and manager of the Strand Theatre. No syndicate can force a play down his unwilling throat. Did he formally protest against lending his considerable talent to something indistinguishable from rubbish? I imagine not. Still, let me remember that I am vowed to go with him in his most need, and whatever his artistic sins.

His present play has all the turgidity of Drury Lane melodrama without the compensating panoramics. Lord Marchdale seduces in New Zealand a Mrs. Winthrop who, before decamping to England, leaves a note pinned to the river-bank intimating suicide. *Plaqué* by his lordship, she marries one Mowbray, a squireen, and neighbour of Sir Alfred Pelham, who combines the county family with something in the city. Pelham's daughter Margaret is engaged to Winthrop, now arrived from New Zealand *via* Gallipoli and owing his life to Mowbray, of all people. Position, as they say in the Chess Column, after Black's 7th move: (a) The lady has committed bigamy, (b) Winthrop is on the verge thereof, (c) he cannot, since Mowbray saved his life,

tell him the truth. Marchdale now crops up again. He is about to seduce Sir Alfred's second daughter, and has actually inveigled the son into forgery. There is some exciting finance hereabouts. Sir Alfred's banker calls on him with his forged cheque for £200,000, which the son tears up. But the banker has given his lordship a receipt, which makes him actually, and Sir Alfred morally, liable. Or so the playwright says. Now, responsive to Matthew Arnold's dictum that conduct is three parts of life, we begin to ask questions. Should Sir Alfred cover the cheque, which means ruin? Should his lady restore the "nest-egg" of £40,000, which her husband settled on her the statutory time ago? Should Winthrop tell Mowbray? Should Margaret marry Winthrop "in the sight of God"? Should Hilda give herself to Marchdale, in return for his settlement of her little account at the bonnet-shop, or should she bilk him? I submit that in this kind of play there is no moral right and wrong. The writer has neither the artistry to conceal nor the craftsmanship to order his manifold absurdities. Despite the dove-tailedness of the plot, the incriminate or guiltless lovers saunter on to the stage in unrelated couples with the detachment of successive pairs of boxers diving under the ropes. One woe doth tread too thick upon another's heel. I imagine that if all Job's tribulations had descended upon him between breakfast and lunch, the poor gentleman would have cut a figure more ridiculous than pathetic. Also that Regan and Goneril, turned nasty on the same day, would have finished their father before there had been any play. Not even Mr. Bouchier's back was broad enough for Sir Alfred's load of troubles. To learn that you are bankrupt, that your son is a forger, that your younger daughter intends to fly in the face of the county and that your elder daughter is a wanton—no, that, on reflection, he could only guess—all in the space of a couple of hours, *voilà le vrai comique*! Neither Sir Alfred nor his enactor lost courage or appetite. "Some wine, within there, and our viands!" said Mr. Bouchier's expressive gestures, belying knitted brows. "Fortune knows, We scorn her most when most she offers blows," cried out that broad back. But it was of none avail. We were bored.

How am I in his most need to go by Mr. Bouchier's side? Shall I bethink me of advice tendered by the earliest and most constructive of dramatic critics: "O, reform it altogether"? O, Mr. Bouchier, reform altogether 'The Thing that Matters' and give us a play that does. I suggest that you next essay something not frighteningly "high-brow," but really amusing, some such practicable little masterpiece as, say, Harold Chapin's recently published 'The Marriage of Columbine.' Here is a play witty and tender, full of good "situations" and parts such as actors love. You will play Scaramouche, "a Clown of Repute," more than handsomely. Lady Tree will have a part better than her present one in Mrs. La Bolaro, an aged ex-Bareback Rider. (Do not the names entrance you?) For Miss Bellew's artlessness there is Columbine, a figure not of semi-idiotcy but of exquisite fragrance and fragility. Only you must be quick. Miss Fay Compton might forestall her and you. You will play, I beg leave to think, to better houses than the empty boxes, meagre pit and less than thirty stalls, which I counted on the night of my attendance. There is a public, you know, beyond typists and shop-boys. Why not appeal to it for once? The house was full for Mr. Milne's play. Think that over, and compare the two. Come, Mr. Bouchier, am I constructive enough?

In 'The Truth about Blayds' at the Globe Theatre, Mr. Milne has written an intellectual comedy of much delight. My one regret is that, lacking the courage of his conclusions, he begs his premises. Suppose Jenkins, whose posthumous fame and fortune Blayds stole, had left a needy family? Suppose he had left a widow and three or four small children, parsimoniously brought up by old Blayds, set up miserably on their rickety, semi-solvent legs, the begetters in turn of three or four



decadent broods of Jenkines, bank clerks, race-course touts, inmates of Borstal institutes? What would Blayds's family have done then? Mr. Milne gets out of it all with some story of a will found in the coal box at the eleventh hour. This is a solution worthy of those little storyettes signed "A.A.M." Mr. Milne has taken just enough of the material of a Barker or a Galsworthy, to make a delicate and, as I say, intellectual comedy. Well, thank Heaven, the comedy is at least delicate and intellectual. It is so intellectual, Mr. Bouchier, that there is not a dull moment in it! Mr. McKinnel's old Blayds was capital. There was something decanted about him; something of the port which ran in the veins of our grandfathers and of the dining-tables round which they sat; something of the humbug of which, when they were not poetizing, these Victorians were a prose-fountain. Why, I wonder, did Mr. McKinnel take his curtain standing, with well-tressed trousers and untrembling limbs? He should have kept his Bath-chair. Miss Irene Vanbrugh was not afraid to exhibit her perfect art in the dowdiest of frocks. She meant, and gave meaning to, every word. Mr. Dion Boucicault was very funny, but, as usual, he over-acted, keeping me on tenterhooks throughout. I felt that he resented every word given to the other characters, that he could hardly wait for his cue. But the play was a very jolly experience. How would it be if, constructively again, I could persuade Mr. Milne to forget all about *Punch* and write a serious play around that side of Mr. Bouchier's talent which the familiar name calls up?

## Correspondence

### HOW TO SEE PARIS

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

A LITTLE book was sent to me the other day from the office of the SATURDAY REVIEW, a new guide-book to Paris.\* A guide-book ought to conjure up as many visions as an atlas; it ought to waken up the wander-lust as much as the time-table: it does not. Why is it that it often gives us no more desire for travelling than the grammar or the dictionary gives us for writing? There is a dryness about guide-books, something of the air of a pedagogue who seems to say: you will never know half of this stuff, I see it on your bewildered face; but what does it matter? It is enough if I know it all.

How different guide-books were when they used to call themselves *le Guide des Etrangers*! They were full of the milk of human kindness, patient, good-humoured, sincere and altogether gentlemanly. So were cookery books—so well written, so luscious in adjectives, so brilliant in their description of the kitchen fire from a glow to a blaze! So were gardening books, and so were even dictionaries. I sometimes dip in a powerful old Stephanus bought in London years ago, secondhand, of course, rescued from shipwreck no doubt, although the catalogue only said "damaged by sea water." Why, this monument for all times of early Greek erudition is as human as it can be, delightfully talkative sometimes. The reason is that the Estienne people had long seen, still saw in their back shop, the Greek refugees to whom they owed the understanding of this or that usage, and we know that they did, although they seldom hint as much. Nowadays the authors of dictionaries only commune with larger or older dictionaries, and the compilers of guide-books instead of making notes at the crossways sit for hours in the British Museum Library, diligently conning already bookish guide-books.

A guide-book's business is to guide me, that is to say, give me a comfortable feeling that I am not going to be decoyed into a maze or left to flounder in a bog. How am I guided when I go round the Opera, for

instance, if I am given the names and the sculptor of all the statues between the pilasters or in niches high or low—marble philistines most of them—instead of having my attention drawn to the one thing that it would really be unforgivable to miss, the 'Dance,' by Carpeaux? In the same way, do I owe any gratitude to a guide who the first time I am to approach the disheartening Louvre, does not tell me that the place where I ought to stand and look and gaze and forget lunch, is at the very back, between graceful Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and the colonnade; that the truly, the exquisitely artistic part is the courtyard, rich in sixteenth century loveliness; and that the rest is only beautiful because of its long sky line? And what do I gain if opening my guide-book as I push aside the velvet portière of the Long Gallery I find that the three or four pages of blinding small type and shimmering italics produce on my intelligence precisely the same hopeless sensation that the half mile of pictures produces on my eye? Guide me, for heaven's sake, guide me straight to the 'Mariage de Sainte Catherine' or to the recess where Rembrandt's 'Philosopher' is now well rid of any except the best guided curiosity.

My little guide-book is like all the others, too complete, too full of a dust of names, and too chary of illuminating adjectives. Only once does it take the trouble to quote some anonymous person who thinks the Sacré Cœur church on Montmartre hill "colossal but unsightly." Opinions vary on this subject. If I were a guide-book I should wisely restrict myself to saying so, so that when the visitor was suddenly confronted by the aerial beauty of that pearly fabric as it appears from the Place de l'Alma or the rue de Solferino he might not think himself the one fool on earth if his soul is ravished within him.

There ought to be in a guiding guide-book little introductions to the various quarters of Paris: the limits and characteristics of the Marais with its dilapidated grand mansions, of the Faubourg Saint-Germain with its unsuspected gardens and eighteenth century country houses fifty steps from the street, of the Latin quarter and of that strip of the Luxembourg Garden which belongs to it, of old Montmartre with its Southern appearance, should be given. They are really different towns, jealous or disdainful of one another, and their individuality means more to the visitor than their monuments. The same thing ought to be said of the Squares. They all have their own physiognomy, of which the stroller is as conscious the moment he sees them, as of the churches or palaces bordering them, but for which he ought to be prepared. My guide-book tells me that the Place Vendôme is octagonal. It is as if the English friend who takes me to Lincoln's Inn Fields should inform me that its shape is that of an elongated square instead of prophesying that I shall never pass near it again without swerving from my road into it. But guide-books are seldom written by poets, and it would take a Théophile Gautier or a Stevenson to describe the Place des Vosges or the Palais Royal in sentences, masquerading as banal guide-book utterances, but poets' impressions all the time.

There is a thing the reader of a guide-book never tires of, that is a wealth of historical details. A profusion of names referring to pictures or statues depresses or irritates him: but he does not mind the names of fifty interesting people who lived in the rue du Bac or the rue du Cherche-Midi. Balzac in his salad days, which were indeed completely meatless days, used to move every few months, and the little guide-book follows him from the Bastille to Saint Sulpice, but I brighten up at every fresh mention of his name. Up there then, in that eyrie, was perched during a few years, the marvellous youth with the common face and the uncommon eyes whose imagination created as many living beings as that of Shakespeare. There Charles Dickens, less fastidious than Matthew Arnold, had himself introduced to George Sand, and transformed the scholar's idea of her as "a fat old muse" into the seer's description "a perfect monthly nurse for the queen." Here, in Saint-Eus-

\*Paris and its Environs. Muirhead's Blue Guides. London, Macmillan; Paris, Hachette: 12s. net.



tache, Molière was christened, there in Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois he was married and thought himself the most fortunate of mortals, and there Robespierre made love to that carpenter's daughter, thinking himself a finished Bolshevik all the time. We get a great deal of this kind of information in the Blue guide-book, more than in any other, and it is plain that Bædeker's was written before Marquis de Rochegude had published his invaluable 'Paris Street by Street.' I learned a great deal that was or seemed new to me, though I have been a Paris stroller for longer than I like to realise, and only noticed one remarkable omission. Close to the "colossal but unsightly" Sacré-Cœur stands a little church, Saint-Pierre, the oldest church in Paris, built from the materials of a Merovingian sanctuary, itself a convert from a Roman temple of the days—still remembered by the illiterate Parisian who calls Montmartre Montmerc—when the hill was called *Mons Mercurii*. The guide-book gives us interesting details about this half-forgotten yet impressive witness of the history of France. It only forgets one, recorded however in a Latin inscription which even the most casual visitor cannot miss: here, in the crypt, one very early morning of the year 1534, Ignatius of Loyola, Francis Xavier, and a few other Spanish students took the oath which made them Jesuits.

Strange to say, the little guide-book is written in very fair English, that is to say in unpretentious, correct, idiomatic language. A great compliment in our days, when a terrible alliance of English and French is to the detriment of both languages. Oh! for the days when we used to have two languages but expressed the same thoughts!

## Verse

### NIGHT CROSSING

THE gulfs are deep; the rollers heave; loud laugh  
the speeding shafts that cleave  
As though the sea were make-believe and thrown to  
chaos back again,  
And out of chaos they would draw a tamer time, a  
calmer law,  
And leave the sea nor fang nor claw to leap from out  
the wrack again.  
The ship's a caravan whose team is driven by the lash  
of steam  
To keep the road and ford the stream and leave the  
rollers far behind.  
The whip is cracked, the stable door is open. But a  
moment more  
And Calais is a star before, and Dover is a star behind.

WILFRID THORLEY

## Letters to the Editor

### THE NEED FOR A CONSERVATIVE PARTY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—“Nature abhors a vacuum” and electors share her abhorrence. Having repealed the Union the Unionist party is now without a policy and void of any claim to the support of its old adherents. Unless it can formulate a safe Conservative policy the Unionist wing of the Coalition will crumble into dust at the approaching general election, destroyed by the resentment of its supporters and the ridicule of its enemies.

What the policy should be is, I think, sufficiently set forth in the following sentences from the SATURDAY REVIEW of December 31: “Herein lies the greatest of all political secrets. Men have done in the past, and will do again in voluntary combination, all that the needs of the community demand more efficiently than any dehumanized central administration.” “There were two calamities I had long dreaded as part of the

conceivable aftermath of the war. One was that Protection might come in. The other was that the Bureaucracy might not go out.” Years ago a friend of mine, a strong Individualist, used to say, “You cannot fight Socialism by bits of itself,” meaning that the true way of fighting the evil is not by copying it and by prescribing perpetual doses of “Social Reform” but by advocating the opposite and antagonistic policy of self-dependence or Individualism. There is an enormous amount of sound Conservatism among people of all classes in this country, and now that the Union has gone and that the Empire is defunct—for a community of Free States with the power to secede whenever they like cannot by any stretch of imagination be called an Empire—it behoves us to save what we can from the wreck, and we can only do this by reconstructing the Conservative party. No time should be lost in carrying out this idea, for the forces of Socialism—that is, of Bolshevism in the making—have received a great impetus by the surrender to violence in Ireland and will make a very strong bid for power at the general election which cannot now be long delayed.

In conclusion, we need a genuine Conservative party to deal with the difficulties of the future, for the rebels have given us full warning that they will be content with nothing less than complete independence. Now if the Southern Irish are to be independent we must insist that they be treated wholly as foreigners and it is only a true Conservative party which would be prepared to insist upon this step. If anyone doubts what the Sinn Feiners are aiming at let him read the words of Mr. Gavan Duffy, one of the signatories to the Treaty, in the Irish Parliament on December 21: “It would be their duty to relegate the King of England to exterior darkness if they could, and they could do that if they liked. Their internal affairs, so far as the Constitution was concerned, were left to themselves, and any Government worthy of the name would be able to place that foreign King at a respectful distance from the Irish people.”

Yours etc.,

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

C. F. RYDER

### THE CAPACITY FOR MUSIC

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Toye, in his admirable article in your last week's issue, does not make it quite clear that the production of executants has nothing to do with the standard of national taste or accomplishment. All Italian waiters are musical; they take to melody as the English shop-boy takes to reading the scores of professional football matches. But when the English shop-boy happens to be musical he may take to Brahms—I have known this happen; whereas I do not believe that any Hungarian stave has ever been hummed through-out the length and breadth of Italy.

The production of opera-singers is a matter, not of brains, but of temperament. To the Englishman was given phlegm, to the foreigner its elusive and mysterious opposite. There is no reason why the Englishman should be expected to face a conductor. We do not ask Italians to stand up to fast bowling. Your English singer has obviously put off broad-cloth to don the motley; your Italian goes through the whole of life as though its Author were Puccini. The English tenor who does not throatily proclaim his nationality is an exception. I remember hearing in ‘The Barber’ at Marseilles, an American Jew, who claimed to be one of us. In the Singing Lesson Scene he ladled out, in English, the tenor solo, ‘Every Valley’ from ‘The Messiah.’ Possessed of less temperament than Hitch, the Surrey fast bowler, he bleated to these quick-tempered Marseillais of Christmas Oratorio and the Manchester Free Trade Hall. They were very polite about it. When it was over a lady in the stall next to mine turned her compliment thus: “Vous chantez, donc, vous autres?” To which I replied: “Hélas, oui, Madame, vous l’entendez bien.” But

the Englishman who really likes music is more musical than the Italian waiter who cannot bring you your soup without humming a greasy Italian air.

Yours etc.,

Seven Dials.

"HURDY GURDY"

## RAILWAYS IN CHINA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—You very rightly say that the acute question of Shantung is at the bottom a railway question. It is, and the ownership of the railways in China generally will be the problem of the future if it is not of the present.

Generally speaking, China is maintaining the doctrine of the State controlling all her communications, and just as in the case of the Shantung railway she will proceed to work out in detail a solution of all outstanding difficulties. This policy will explain why no compromise is possible with Japan in this matter, but at the same time it ought to show that China's attitude is in accord with settled policy and not aimed at any one Power. One cannot be surprised that, under the circumstances, the Chinese delegates decline to be bluffed into yielding to a position which would render all subsequent action to the specified end nugatory.

Yours etc.,

CHARLES WATNEY

(London Corr. North China Herald)

Courtfield Road, S.W.

## LARK HAWKING

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Every reader possessed of a soul must approve the letters of protest in your columns against this practice, which seems the extremity of the profanation of nature under the name of sport; for although the skylark builds its nest in the grass, or green corn, its habit of ascending into the empyrean to sing, shows a stronger affinity with the celestial than the terrestrial.

And drowned in yonder living blue,  
The lark becomes a sightless song,

says Tennyson; and Mrs. Hemans recognises the same celestial affinity:

The morn has but just looked out and smiled;  
When he starts from his humble and grassy nest,  
And is up and away with the dew in his breast  
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,  
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

In one of Reade's novels there is a beautiful passage on the sky-lark. Some squatters in Australia have assembled on a Spring Sabbath morning, and are lying on the grass, to hear a caged lark sing. They await his song with the expectancy of a heavenly oracle. A man brought by another on the ground that he was taking him to see a lark, laughs when he finds that instead of some buffoonery as he had expected, it is a caged bird. "Stop your cackling!" shout the impatient men. The lark utters a few notes *sotto voce*, and then commences his spell-wrought song.

And these shaggy men had played in the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and they were full of oaths, and drink, and lust, and remorse; but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine. They came back again, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded moments and those fleeted days. The cottage, and the old mother's tears when he left her without a grain of sorrow; and childhood, and innocence and home.

A young man, with a taint of vicious insanity, but also considerable talent and originality in criticising with scathing sarcasm the preachers he had been accustomed to listen to, once said to me: "When I go by myself for a long walk in the country, I feel so different that I can believe in the time when God walked and talked with men." This shows the immanence of the divine in nature if our condition will

but enable us to rise to the physiological receptivity to be conscious of it:

Earth crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush ablaze with God.

as Mrs. Browning with her superlative intuition expresses it.

Those who can find sport in hawking or otherwise killing sky-larks, must be dead to this divinity in nature. No wonder Ruskin deplored the despoiling of the unspeakable rural solitudes by the invasion of railways and other deforming effects of civilization. With him as with all true natures, the keeping alive of the soul was the supreme object of life. He says:

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Yours etc.,

M. L. JOHNSON

6, The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am a lover of birds, and though Shelley's 'Skylark,' and the beautiful allusions of Shakespeare to the bird mean very much to me, I could read an account of a day with a merlin and skylarks without a feeling of repulsion. There is the Skylark, an unbodied joy, an ethereal minstrel of the sky, which lives in the mind of man; and there is a skylark which drifts in scattered flocks over the winter fallows, uttering a rather dismal plaint, and which suffers no more and no less from a charge of gunshot than do the birds of a mixed flock of sparrows, greenfinches and chaffinches.

Compared with otter-hunting, badger-digging, and even fox-hunting, falconry seems to me a clean and wholesome sport. At worst it but multiplies the instances which would occur were the falcon a wild bird. Would your correspondents alter the relation which exists between the merlin and the lark in nature? If an individual lark escape the falcon's stoop, it is presently preening its plumage and feeding unconcernedly again; and if killed, the death is quick, suffered in hot blood, and happens in the way of nature. It would be illogical to make any distinction between the skylark of the merlin and the pigeon of the peregrine, and to me it seems a far more abhorrent thing to see a lamb of the year pass within the gates of the slaughter-house, than to read of a merlin's prowess among larks.

Yours etc.,

E. ST. G. BETTS

Leicester.

## AN OLD POLITICAL THEORY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As a constant reader for many years, permit me to give willing corroboration to the courage and veracity of the following sentence in your issue of 31st December last. It is not isolated. The just condemnation of the advocacy of Utopian theories in legislation, of extravagance, and of unsound principles in administration, must have in innumerable instances struck a responsive chord. Sooner or later, the Parliamentary electors will punish the Coalition, or any government for the destructive and persistent adoption of pernicious principles. "Alone amongst all the newspapers of the country," was your incontrovertible testimony, "and unsupported and unreinforced by any statesman whatsoever, we have put forward such a theory, or, rather, we have disinterred the most ancient of our political theories and endeavoured in the appropriate setting of new times to rehumanize, revivify, reanimate, and reinspire it with a fresh life."

The powerful English diction, the fearlessness, and the altruism of Ruskin and of Carlyle are still inscribed on an inspiring banner, proudly floating from a lofty watch tower in the midst of seven millions of people.

Yours etc.,

"A SCOT"

Dundee.



## Reviews

## THE NAPOLEONIC LEGEND

*Napoleon the Third. The Romance of an Emperor.*  
By Walter Geer. Cape. 30s. net.

IN the parish of St. James, before the war, the story was whispered that one cabinet minister visiting another observed on the writing-table a bust of Napoleon the First. "Ah!" said the minister, "I used to have one of those, but I had to get rid of it; I found I was getting too like him." We could wish that more of the eminent and respectable gentlemen who govern the Empire or direct our affairs, and dream sometimes that they are like Napoleon, would show as wise a restraint. Not all the eloquence of Froude could, we feel sure, tempt one of them to copy the example of that bad husband and tyrannical apostate, Henry the Eighth. But the fame of Napoleon has an insidious seduction for the middle classes, in spite of La Fontaine's delicious warning that giants are dangerous models for little men to mould themselves upon.

Emerson, escaping from the spell that men of action too often cast over men of letters, notices that

The instinct of active, brave, able men throughout the middle class everywhere, has pointed out Napoleon as the incarnate Democrat. . . . Everyone of the million readers of anecdotes or memoirs or lives of Napoleon delights in the page, because he studies in it his own history. Napoleon is thoroughly modern, and at the highest point of his fortunes has the very spirit of the newspapers. . . . The man in the street finds in him the qualities and powers of other men in the street.

This attitude of sobriety and detachment is unusual in writers on Napoleon. For he was the man who, in the language of Hugo, "intoxicated history"; and from nearly all that vast and splendid literature, from Chateaubriand to M. Barrès, which forms the legend, a note of intoxication is seldom absent. Napoleon himself began writing the legend at St. Helena; and after the Prince de Joinville had brought his ashes back to Paris before an immense crowd, which wept with Heine to hear again that "cry of the heart so long forgotten, 'Vive l'Empereur,'" the Napoleonic legend became, as Lamartine tells us, "the state religion."

The legend, in fact, grew up, in the age that was called Romantic—in an age when the colossal proportions of the Emperor's character, his prodigious labours, his chaotic passions, his fabulous successes, the coloured and moving pageant of his progress, the splendour of his ascent and the gloom of his declension were well fitted to dazzle a generation that had turned its back on the measure and restraint of classical tradition. When Hugo speaks of "the almost visible hand of God" placing on the brow of this man—"prodigieux démesuré et splendide"—the golden crown of royalty, he forgets, as Augereau did not forget, that Napoleon's coronation wanted nothing to complete its pomp but "the half-million of men who had died to put an end to all that." Carlyle raising for a moment the glittering curtain of the legend said: "His enormous victories, which reached over all Europe, are but as the high stilts on which the man is seen standing; the stature of the man is not altered thereby." The French indeed have a charming and childish love of military glory which blinds them to the faults of their hero. But that need not disguise from us that Napoleon borrowed his militarism and "real-politics" from Frederick the Great and his administration from seventeenth century France; nor that he stalked through blood, violence and crime to defeat and exile. "Napoleon," said Heine, "is their God, their worship, their religion—a religion, which like every other, will become hackneyed at last." When that day comes we presume his example will no longer be seriously considered as worthy of cultivation by statesmen, but will be relegated with Hengist and Attila to the awed contemplation of schoolboys.

Meanwhile the Napoleonic legend is to be rounded off by the romance of his nephew Napoleon the Third. Mr.

Geer is hardly likely to succeed where M. Ollivier failed. His thin, colourless narrative, destitute of style and sometimes of grammar, is a poor substitute for the glowing, learned pages of Napoleon's last President of the Council. In his foreword Mr. Geer says: "Compared with the leaders of public opinion in other countries during his time, with Cavour in Italy, with Disraeli and Gladstone in England, even with Bismarck in Prussia, he cannot be considered inferior." Such an opinion is jejune and fantastic, and it is hardly necessary to add that there is nothing in the remainder of the book to support it. On page 205 and elsewhere Mr. Geer gives his case away, and we hardly think the well-known story of Napoleon the Third wanted re-telling with so little art.

Democracy seems able to evoke among its chosen servants more ability to attain power than wisdom in wielding it. Napoleon the Third was no exception to this rule. He had been brought up on the Napoleonic legend. He cultivated it; he embodied it; he tried to carry it out to the best of his understanding. The legend made him, an unknown refugee, President of the Second Republic. As President he showed first-class energy and ability. In boldness, in dexterity, in calculation, in falsity, in determination he rivalled Augustus in his dealings with Antony and Lepidus. For a moment after the Crimean War he appeared as the arbiter of Europe. Destiny seemed to have placed in his single hand all the delicate threads of the policy of both Polignac and Talleyrand. Then his star waned. Conspirator, perjurer, usurper, he not unnaturally drew to himself second-rate people and adventurers; so that Swinburne could say to him with some poetical exaggeration

And madest friends to thee of all man's foes.

Equally his triple character drove into opposition the greatest writer and the greatest statesman of France—Hugo and Thiers.

As a statesman Napoleon III. committed the fundamental fault of pursuing a general principle that was contrary to the interests of his country. General ideas were constantly flowing into the bored, whimsical, lazy, overworked mind of this decadent tyrant, to issue forth again in projects as hazy as the clouds of cigarette smoke that invariably accompanied the imperial thinking. His favourite was the idea of nationality or self-determination. Napoleon chose it because he thought he found it in the Napoleonic legend, because it was democratic, idealist and at that time revolutionary. It led him to be the tool of Cavour and the dupe of Bismarck. He joined in alliance Italy and Prussia before Sadowa, and after that battle threw South Germany into the arms of Bismarck. Only Napoleon could have brought about those combinations; none could have been more fatal to France. It is difficult not to agree with La Gorce that the Emperor himself slowly but surely undermined the throne to which an incredible good fortune had raised him.

To be picturesque, to have splendid carriages and horses, to hold stately reviews, to keep Europe on tenterhooks by your speeches, never to go so far as when you do not know where you are going—if this is to be a great sovereign, as Mr. Geer seems to think, then Napoleon the Third is entitled to the name; but so is William the Second.

### "OUT OF THE DUST I RISE"

*New Chapters in the History of Greek Literature.*  
Edited by J. U. Powell and E. A. Barber. Oxford:  
Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

AT no time in the history of our civilization has a knowledge of Greek been unattainable in Western Europe. Throughout the Dark Ages Byzantium retained a hold on Southern Italy, from whence missionary bishops and monks were sent among us, bringing with them Greek teaching and traditions, and, later



on, Greek theology. On the other hand it is to be remarked that what was brought us in this way was popular in character, of little value in the way of science or literature, and that only at rare epochs did Greece contribute to European culture anything of its best. The first of these epochs was in the wonderful re-birth of Western European learning in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when from Spain and Sicily came in rapid succession the great works of Greek philosophy, translations from translations of translations, which—when Constantinople fell before the Latin invaders—provoked a search for the originals and for new translations from them. On these, and on the questions they raised, the great universities of Medieval Europe grew, flourished, and ossified.

The next great epoch came with the revival of the humanities, beginning in Italy and, assisted by the printing press, spreading over the Continent. To it we owe our knowledge of Greek poetry, drama, history and oratory, recovered, from Greece itself or from manuscripts in forgotten nooks of cloisters, by triumphant scholars, until, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, it seemed that the canon of classic Greek recoverable must be closed: every possible source had been explored.

With the first years of the nineteenth century fresh hopes were aroused. Maii was reluctantly publishing fragments recovered from palimpsests, and a library of papyri had been uncovered at Herculaneum. But the palimpsests were of late authors, and the unrolling of the Herculaneum papyri stretched out over long decades, and when they were read turned out to be all of one class, the library of an Epicurean philosopher. At last, however, a little over thirty years ago, a new source came to fame in the papyri recovered from Egypt. Greek papyri, magical and alchemical, had been brought thence to Europe as early as 1830, but it was only in 1889 that the first and most famous literary work, Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens, was obtained by Sir Wallis Budge for the British Museum, "somewhere or other in Egypt, and somehow (the secret has been well kept)" says Mr. Walker, but the story is told in 'By Nile and Tigris,' ii, 148. Since that time a steady flow of recoveries from the past have been published year by year, Herondas, Bacchylides, and fragments of Euripides, Plato and Homer among them.

The volume before us is not a general account of these recovered treasures, which will be found in a book published by Sir F. G. Kenyon in 1918; it is devoted mainly to classics of the period between Alexander the Great and the capture of Corinth (146 B.C.) and uses a large amount of unpublished material, for which a revised text is promised by the editors. It is to be feared that it will reach but a comparatively small part of its proper audience; *Græcum est, non legitur* is a rule that did not perish with the Middle Age professors who enounced it. Yet it is full of interest even for those whose Greek is rusty, but who retain an interest in, even a love for, the literature of the past. It contains much that one would willingly linger over, the Moralists with the almost unknown Philodemus, the Lyric Poetry, in large part recovered from inscriptions, with its charming fragments of verse, and its hymns to the Dactyls, children of Eurytheus, "first to discover medical drugs, the first physician, the first to plant fruit-trees." The chapters on Menander, on Callimachus, on Herondas, and on the unknown historian of the Oxyrhynchus papyri, probably Ephorus, are especially to be commended, they are full of literary interest and sound criticism. It is, perhaps, a pity that the few fragments of the papyri bearing on the History of Science were not collected and made the subject of an essay, considering the growing importance of the subject; but that was possibly beyond the range of the editors' interests. The book is almost impeccably printed and well produced. It must find a place in the library of every scholar.

## BISHOP PERCIVAL

*Life of Bishop Percival.* By William Temple, Bishop of Manchester. Macmillan. 18s. net.

BISHOP PERCIVAL during a large part of a long career was one of the most criticized figures in English public life, yet Dr. Temple's biography leaves us in no doubt that he was also one of the very greatest of those schoolmaster-ecclesiastics who are a peculiar and typical product of the Anglican Church and of the English genius. He made his mark in many capacities as headmaster, educationalist, politician, social reformer and bishop, yet his life was dominated throughout by quite simple motives, an almost Puritan passion for righteousness being combined in him with the schoolmaster's belief in law, order and system. He was on fire with the moralist's zeal for goodness rather than with the pastor's love of souls or the pure scholar's thirst for knowledge, and he never quite realised the full impossibility of making men good by Act of Parliament. Hence, liberal as he was both in theology and politics, he remained a disciplinarian at heart, and in his own way was at least as great an upholder of authority as the theological and political conservatives with whom he often waged a gallant and almost single-handed warfare. No autocrat was ever more contemptuous of the people's voice than was Percival, when that voice seemed to him to conflict with the voice of God which his will was set to follow wherever it might lead. Thus it is easy to understand the constant sympathy and not infrequent agreement which existed between him and such an ecclesiastical opponent as Bishop Gore. The latter indeed preached the sermon at his consecration to the See of Hereford and has left on record in this biography a graphic description of the impression he made as President of Trinity. "His sermons were fine exhibitions. We felt that a great strong righteous will was expressing itself amongst us with profound astonishment at our being content to be such fools as we were."

Perhaps it was inevitable that such a character should win its chief visible success in headmastership. He made Clifton and he restored Rugby, and in that alone he accomplished a life-work of which a strong man might be proud. In ecclesiastical and political affairs he could neither over-ride nor conciliate the opposition which his methods so often aroused. Yet events have often vindicated his political judgment just in those cases where it was least popular at the time when it was uttered. Many who once called him "pro-Boer" would to-day be proud to have shared his opposition to the policy which led to the South African War, and his constant support of the government by which the generous and successful settlement was reached. Many keen churchmen now regret that his voice did not carry more weight in the controversies over Education and Welsh Disestablishment. None can doubt that in urging the House of Lords not to reject the famous Finance Bill of 1909, he was once again in the right against the majority. Moreover, Dr. Temple shows that in 1886 he was already emphasizing that ethical criticism of economic systems, which formed the basis of the much discussed Report of the Archbishop's Committee on 'Christianity and Industrial Problems.'

The truth is that Percival's intense moralism constantly hindered his persuasiveness. For it led him to plead his cause on moral grounds in a manner which seemed to imply that no one who differed from him could really care for morality. An excellent example of this tendency to beg the moral question is seen in the remarkable letter, which he allowed to be published, containing a violent onslaught on the Tariff Reformers shortly after an election in his own diocese. The effects of this habit of mind were especially disastrous in matters ecclesiastical. It fatally hindered any intellectual appreciation of the High Church position and forced into an attitude of apparent partisanship one who in intention was bent only on upholding fair-play and freedom of conscience. Opposition always drove his un-

yielding spirit to greater tenacity, and in his latter years he too frequently gave the impression of a controversialist with his back to the wall. Towards the end his life was increasingly saddened by bereavement. Only two of his eight children survived him and but few of his more intimate friends. Yet right up to the time of his retirement he lost no opportunity of furthering the causes he had most constantly at heart, education and social reform.

The biographer's work has been admirably done and is a model in the selection and arrangement of material. Every phase of Percival's life and work is carefully and distinctly presented with just sufficient comment to help the reader to a sympathetic but not uncritical appreciation of the man. One hopes that many of his critics will find in this volume cause for the revision of ill-informed and superficial judgments, while his friends will be grateful indeed to the Bishop of Manchester for what is in every respect a worthy memorial of a great personality.

#### POETS LAUREATE

*The Laureateship. A Study of the Office of Poet Laureate in England.* By Edmund Kemper Broadus. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 15s. net.

WE are indisposed to take responsibility for all that our predecessors in these columns may have written, but as a matter of fact, the SATURDAY REVIEW has never encouraged those reformers who propose to do away with the office of Poet Laureate. We agree to-day with what was said here thirty years ago, "Keep the seat ready, even with a dummy in it if better is not to be had, and the man will come." The dummy sat, and the man has come; we were justified in our past generation. As to destroying the office on the plea of economy, that is ridiculous. The salary of the King's Poet does not amount to the Union wages of a day labourer, and the public obtains no official entertainment at a cheaper rate. Moreover, we have only to turn over the pages of Professor Broadus's volume to see how much historic interest the Laureateship presents. When we pass away everything spurious or doubtful, we have an unbroken tradition of more than two hundred and fifty years, adorned by the names of Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson, to mention merely the three most famous. The laurel is worn to-day by a poet who has written "nothing base." When his honourable career comes at last to a close, we hope that no serious effort will be made to prevent the continuance of the tradition.

Several previous attempts have been made to chronicle the history of the Laureateship in England. None of them was quite satisfactory, because none of their authors had been at the pains to separate the chaff from the grain. The extraordinary institution of a stipendiary poet is obscured in early times by the difficulty of knowing whether the singers who figured at court were or were not officially poets laureate. This is particularly the case in the transitional examples of Ben Jonson and Davenant, and the great merit of Mr. Broadus is that he has faced this problem, and has sharply distinguished between volunteer or accidental court poets and those who, as he defines it, were actually appointed to an office which carries with it the title and a pension from the crown, "establishing its holder as a functionary of the court." Mr. Broadus has carried out his plan with courage and discretion, and we may say at once that his book supersedes all that has been written on the subject before.

He does not, however, neglect the curious and ancient records of what we may call imperfect laureateship. From very early times there were bards whose office it was to sing or recite before the king, and indeed the Anglo-Saxon scôp, who touched his harp in the presence of his monarch, was the first poet laureate. We pass several quaint institutions of the Middle Ages, and reach Bernard Andreas, a blind Augustinian friar who came from Toulouse at the end of the fifteenth century,

and settled in the court of Henry VII. In 1486 that King actually appointed Andreas, by letters patent, Poet Laureate, and he held the office, writing Latin odes every year, until his death about 1521, when the title and salary seem to have lapsed. Mr. Broadus examines with great care the claims of Spenser, Drayton and Daniel, but finally rejects them. They were poets occasionally employed at court, but not officially recognized. It is more difficult to decide what was the status of Ben Jonson, who claimed the title, and grounded his claim on two imperfect patents. But it seems to us that Mr. Broadus carries scepticism too far when he denies that Davenant enjoyed an official appointment. All doubt ends when we reach Dryden, who, two months after Davenant's death in 1668, was gazetted "to the office of Poet Laureate." Since that time fourteen writers, all more or less (though often less) prominent in the history of English literature have held the laurel and till lately the butt of sack.

Mr. Broadus, whose monograph is not less entertaining than learned, has written a book which must be cordially commended. His taste is excellent, and he refrains from ridicule of the often unsatisfactory laureates of the eighteenth century. He is not wantonly scornful of Laurence Emsden or even of Nahum Tate.

#### A TRANSLATION OF BALZAC

*Nine Tales from the 'Contes Drolatiques' of Honoré de Balzac.* Rendered into English of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. By Robert Crawford. Privately Published. £2 2s.

WE confess ourselves baffled by the meaning of the words, "Printed for Private Circulation," which lift a warning finger from the advertisement of this book. The volume of translations before us has not only been received by the reviewer through the ordinary channels, but has been seen displayed for public sale in the manner, if not in the degree, of a volume by Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs. We must therefore dissipate those scruples which would have made us hesitate to apply the ordinary standards of criticism to a volume of which we were satisfied that it was a sort of mystic communion between an author and his band of initiate readers. The erudition the translator displays inspires us with the utmost reverence, even if it moves us to melancholy in the same measure. It is true Mr. Crawford can claim that "Balzac wrote these tales in old French, at the cost, as he says himself, of immense labour." But Balzac creator rather than Balzac imitator would have been worthy of so pious a study. What thanks would French literature owe to a scholar who translated into mediæval French the pseudo-antiquities of Chatterton and neglected 'The Pearl' or 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight'?

It is the central axiom of translation that whatever the circumstance of the original, its rendering into another language must of itself be alive, at once a freeman of the new city and a subject to its laws. It is our conviction that a reader of Chaucer's and Elizabeth's time would find the book as unintelligible as an un instructed reader of to-day lighting casually upon it. Mr. Crawford has sacrificed the spirit of his task to a pathetic and humourless devotion to its letter:

Chosen to ben, for ay, my lady, and to bi-com som day my douve, my wyf and only freend, she 'nath graunted me, woful wight, no redy token of the blisses to comen, but, al the revers, hath me yeven vertuouse avyses o thousand. . . .

Here surely is neither rhythm nor spontaneity, yet it is claimed that "the prose is flowing and easy and conceals rather than displays the extraordinary erudition that has gone to its making." We have wondered whether the use of such forms as "povre" and "ayein" is not rather an ostentation than a disguise of erudition. For, as Mr. Crawford well understands, these forms are merely the appearances to modern eyes of mediæval script; they are not a rendering of their pronunciation upon mediæval lips.

Readers who are at once learned and sympathetic



enough to perceive beneath these encrustations the red blood of Balzac will hasten to re-establish a direct contact with the 'Contes Drolatiques'; those who frankly desire nothing but the stories will find the unpretentious translation of Mr. Sims adequate to their purposes. Scholars who are interested in the diction Mr. Crawford has adopted, will find to their dismay that he is not even consistent in his use of dialect. Although every word in the fourteenth century stories might have been used by one fourteenth century writer or another, all of them would emphatically have been used by no single writer, nor even by a group of writers within the same boundaries. It is as if a palaeontologist had from a congeries of unrelated prehistoric bones devised a monster which he proclaimed a recreation and representation of their period. How far are we removed from the open spaces of Touraine, the laughter of Rabelais, the broad comprehension of Balzac! Into what cobwebbed catacombs are we translated!

#### A WAGER

*A Survey.* By Max Beerbohm. Heinemann. 25s. net.

SAYS the Surveyor, as he puts his theodolite or telescope on the shelf, and composes himself for siesta:

But O Britannia, whenever I sail from my home in Italy, across your neatly-ruled waves, and step with a new sheaf of drawings on to those yellow sands where you sit enthroned, I do feel all the more guilty because your eyes are invariably so benign to me from beneath the brim of your lovely golden helmet.

All very well, Mr. Max! Britannia, neatly ruling the waves, has indeed taken you to her breast and decided that you are truly enough to inhabit there; and you pretend to feel guilty of "personal remarks" and "bad taste"; whereas your real guilt is desertion from that tolerant (and amusing) bosom. "Home in Italy," forsooth! Twaddle. You are wagering that you can be "At Home" many hundred miles away with a brief occasional return to the nest. And you do it with remarkable skill: but a few of Britannia's subjects and your friends watch the performance a little anxiously, and wonder if you will be able to keep it up with the old verve and intimacy.

The performances have been of three kinds, and there are excellent examples here of all three. There is the body-and-clothes fantasia: clothes almost entirely, as in the 'Lord Spencer' of 1913; man and clothes nicely balanced as in the superb 'Sir Claude Phillips going on,' a masterpiece at once of character and of design in a round. There is the figure, political, social or artistic, in a setting, with a double-edge of legend, as in the 'Lytton Strachey trying to see Her with Lord Melbourne's eyes—and contriving'; good, if not so good as 'Lord Tennyson reading *In Memoriam* to his Sovereign.' And there is the dramatic group, and legend, throwing an illumination of laughter upon some conjunction, political, social or artistic. If so bright and sudden a conjunction as the Edmund Gosse taking over the baby of the New Poetry from Mr. William Archer and appeasing it with a 'Diddums' cannot be hoped for every year there are good seconds to it in the present crop: the 'Urgent Conclave of Doctrinaire Socialists, to decide on some means of inducing the Lower Orders to regard them once more as Visionaries merely,' is one brilliant example, and there is as high an average of hits on the bull's-eye as we have any right to expect. Much can be done by following in the Press and literature the antics of figures already familiar. But there are also certain outliers that make us nervous for the future. Max, in his preface, sees himself departing from his old quarry of the Court to attack a darling of Britannia, the Labour Party. But does he see the object with his old perspicuity? Would a Labour Foreign Secretary really be less likely to know the whereabouts of Teschen than our Premier, or less likely to be able to conduct a conversation in the language of M. Cambon than Lord Grey? And would a Labour Minister be more contemptuous of literature and art than the ruck of our Tory or Radical politicians?

And is the language lent to them like a language anywhere spoken? In this matter of language there are some failures even on familiar ground. Surely the fastidious Max is not content with "orl" and "rather" for drawled versions of "all" and "rather"? or are we to concede to the Cockneys that "r" is a vowel?

These may seem to be over-anxious grumblings; but we are jealous for the sharp edge of a rare wit; we wish him to be disapproved by Britannia more actively and for better reasons: not to snuggle too comfortably whether in the bosom or in his truancy.

#### BIOLOGY FOR CHILDREN

*Life, How it Comes.* By Stephen Reid-Heyman. Oxford: Blackwell. 5s. net.

THE importance of instructing children, both boys and girls, as they approach the critical years of puberty, in the elementary facts of sex is too widely admitted now to need argument. It is about the method by which this is to be done that there is still a considerable clash of opinion. That the best opportunities are those usually provided by the young minds themselves in every-day enquiries is probably true, provided that the would-be informant has the necessary scientific knowledge and the tact and training to impart it in an un-selfconscious and objective fashion. Unfortunately, however, the majority of fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, are neither natural historians nor trained expositors; and the result is too often that the child mind receives its first and most formative impressions of sex from some perilous theological by-way that lends it a permanently distorted aspect. Evidently with this in mind, the author of the present volume, a medical woman of wide experience, has depicted in simple language the process of reproduction, as this has developed from amoeba to man. It was a difficult task, but we think that she has succeeded both in her immediate and ultimate objects. With a true appreciation of the besetting pitfalls of "popular" science, she has neither attempted to evade nor to put into other, and probably less adequate words, such technical terms as she has rightly deemed impossible to avoid. She has instead of welcoming them as the true coinage of a scientific poetry, as indeed they often are, and broken them up for her young readers into their beautiful component parts. And the result has been to assist, in the best possible way, the attainment of a real simplicity. She has also had the skill to invest with an equal beauty and fascination the mysterious facts of reproduction in such lowly forms as paramecium and vorticella, in the flowering plants, in birds, and the simpler mammals. Thus, by gradual and wholesome degrees she has led the minds of her young readers to those personal applications, often invested by so-called "purity" books with a shamefacedness of approach that is the very reverse of pure. For that reason alone, apart from its intrinsic interest, this is a book to be cordially recommended, and one that we should rejoice to see upon the shelves of every nursery library. We can further assure what we hope will be its numerous readers that it has successfully passed the crucial test of at least one twelve-year-old critic.

#### A GREAT SCHOOL

*Charterhouse in London.* By Gerald S. Davies. Murray. 25s. net.

MR. DAVIES is a Carthusian of long standing—a Foundation Scholar whilst the school was still in London, a member of the staff at Godalming for thirty-three years, and Master of Charterhouse since 1908. The affection which he imbibed in youth for Sutton's venerable foundation finds a worthy outlet in the learned and interesting volume which he devotes to the history of the London Charterhouse. The first part of the book is given to the topographical history of the Carthusian monastery founded in 1371 by Sir Walter



Manny and of the lordly mansion which arose on its site after the Reformation. The second part deals with the history of the hospital and school founded by Thomas Sutton in 1611. There are various appendices of documents, chronological lists, and the "roll of honour" of Carthusians serving in the late war. Mr. Davies has a pleasantly garrulous style, which is seen to best advantage in the delightful account of his own school-days. The chapter dealing with the life of Thomas Sutton is an excellent piece of biographical work. The narrative of the development of the school down to the time of its migration to Godalming succeeds in giving interest to a kind of historical writing which most of its authors make deadly dull. The earlier chapters are rather overloaded with topographical and ecclesiastical detail for the general reader, but they contain some valuable new material and a copious summary of all that was previously known. We regret to have to add that Mr. Davies's work is disfigured by a number of slips, due no doubt to inadequate proof-reading, which impair its value as a safe guide to the student. Thus we find the same names spelt differently in different places—"Hutton" and "Hulton," "Knolles" and "Knollys," "Burghley" and "Burleigh," "Champneys" and "Champness." Manny's daughter, Lady Pembroke, is called Anne on one page and Margaret on another. Surrey's death is dated 1536, and the sale of Charterhouse to Sutton 1911! Thackeray's boarding-house is mentioned three times, and each time with a different number in Charterhouse Square. The historian Connop Thirlwall appears as "Bishop Conn of Shirlwall." We fail to understand how such obvious blunders should have escaped correction. In other respects the book is well printed, and the numerous photographs of ancient buildings are admirably reproduced.

#### UPLIFT

*Thought-Coin.* By Bart Kennedy. Rider. 5s. net.

IT must be invigorating to be an "original and imaginative thinker," as his publishers describe Mr. Bart Kennedy; to be "untrammelled by dogma and tradition." It must be god-illike to mint "Thought-Coin" at will, and see every thought-grocer in the suburbs biting it, spinning it on the counter, then adding it beatifically to his till. We are only disconcerted to find that not merely are we—all of us, emperor and gaol-bird alike—devilish fine fellows; actually, did we but realize it, "we are of a finer fibre than we know." How there is any room for amelioration in our fibre our mind dizzies to contemplate. "Man," declares the author, in this series of profound philosophical reflections, "has conquered the earth and the elements thereof. Man is a being of wondrous might." "We are," declares Mr. Bart Kennedy, "the wondrous coinings of Thought."

But what went wrong with the original Thought-Coiner when he allowed his representative to pass into our currency a halfpenny of so miserable an alloy as this: "The concept of a thing comes before the attaining of that thing to what we call reality." Not so easily. There are sound philosophers who will wager that the reality precedes the concept. But Mr. Kennedy's business is less with the students of Aristotle than with the public of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine. Why shouldn't he also be in tune with the Infinite? In any case he can plead for the sentence we have just quoted Necessity as his excuse. "Necessity," he pronounces, "is Invincibility. It tempers all designs. It is behind even that power of powers—Intellect." What if behind this hapless sentence we can perceive neither Intellect nor Necessity? An insoluble problem, Mr. Kennedy!

There never was a book so pullulant with Uplift, so populous with the mites of High Thought. Never before Mr. Bart Kennedy was there an author who might so justly claim that he was more Ella Wheeler than even Mrs. Wilcox herself. Yet we prefer the 'Poems of Power.' They are even more invigorating.

#### Fiction

*Guns of the Gods.* By Talbot Mundy. Hutchinson. 8s. 6d. net.

THE publishers declare this novel to be "full of the subtle mystery and the magic of the East." It is actually a melodramatic story in which improbable people are shown us against chromolithographic backgrounds of conventional Eastern scenery. Mr. Talbot Mundy would seem to have written out of some recollection of 'The Naulakha,' that novel of Rajputana in which Mr. Kipling worked with Balestair. Here too the hero is an American, the story one of search for ancient treasure. But Mr. Mundy cannot for a moment convince us of the reality of Yasmini, the half-Rajput, half-Russian princess, and his portraits of British officials are absurd caricatures. His style would make much more realistic substance incredible, and applied to such material as this novel of his contains it is disastrous to all possibility of illusion. For reasons with which we will not trouble our readers we doubt whether Mr. Mundy has any first-hand knowledge of Rajputana, but we shall not be taken aback if informed that he has visited all the Rajput States, for is it not within every reviewer's experience that young ladies minutely familiar with suburban life are capable of the utmost falsity in novels with a suburban setting?

*Crome Yellow.* By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

'CROME YELLOW' begins with a train journey and ends with another. The first train takes Denis to join the house-party at Crome and the last bears him reluctantly away again, a jaundiced victim of jealousy. But the history of Denis's hopeless love for the delightful Anne, though serving as mortar to bind the fabric of the tale, is not its chiefest attraction. Indeed, the poor young man's attempted suicide is the only improbable thing in the book—that, and Priscilla's coiffure. Everything else is shockingly probable. Gathered at Crome were a heterogeneous group of men and women all of whom it was a pleasure to meet, though often for unflattering reasons. Harry Wim-bush, with a face like the grey bowler that surmounted it and a penchant for ancestral history and Italian Primitives (Taddeo da Poggibonsi and Amico di Taddeo); Gombauld the artist; Jenny in her "ivory tower" of deafness, with her mysterious note-book; Mr. Barbecue-Smith who wrote inspired articles in the Sunday Press on the Conduct of Life; Mary, the New Woman, with the bell of golden hair and the china-blue eyes; sinister Mr. Scogan with his eternal arguments running through the book like a bass *motif*; bad old Lord Moleyn and Mr. Callamay, over-anxious about the ladies' swimming events at Crome Fair—all are drawn surely and truthfully and with a crisp wit. One is left wishing that Denis might have prolonged his stay. But Mary saw to that—and Anne and Gombauld and Jenny's note-book.

*Tony Sant.* By Mrs. C. S. Peel. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d. net.

WE are getting tired of the persistent novels which trace an uninteresting girl's descent into the facile avernus of the demi-monde. There might have been some justification for 'Tony Sant,' the new novel of Mrs. C. S. Peel, O.B.E., if the author had elected to imitate the masters in that genre, if she had taken Flaubert, Sudermann or Mr. George Moore as her model. But to imitate Mr. W. L. George, to plunge us into his second-hand world of mannequins, actresses and boarding-houses in Bloomsbury, is to have courted a petty failure instead of assuring a magnificent catastrophe. There is hardly a *cliché* in the construction of the orthodox novel which Mrs. Peel does not employ. Her heroine is provided with a mother who dies early

and pathetically; a callous father; a passionate boy-lover in a moonlight garden who is to be summarily ordered to Australia; a business-man who debauches her not without qualms of conscience (but Mr. W. L. George would not have allowed Tony to be abducted from her home without suspecting in the faintest degree the intentions of the kind gentleman who was leading her by the hand); a set of feebly presented denizens of the social twilight; and, positively, the war for climax to this unambitious whole. We can only be grateful that Mrs. Peel does not provide her heroine, duly turned nurse, with a resuscitated boy-lover. He could with such devastating ease have returned from Australia to win the D.S.O. and convert into a respectable woman the pallid heroine of this story.

## The Magazines

The *Fortnightly* is an unusually interesting number this month. Mr. Frederic Harrison writes on the 'Tercentenary of Molière,' and insists on the need for reading the bulk of his plays if we are to have a just idea of his genius. Moreover, we are not to see in him only the exquisite humorist he is, the moral philosopher and the masterly poet are there also. That the rigid formula of Alexandrine rhyme is very trying to English ears is undoubted: that it has done much for French, and has become by use a second nature to French poets is equally indisputable. Mr. Huddleston argues for a fresh and full understanding with France. Mr. MacCallum Scott describes the Communistic slave state, which is the ideal of the present rulers of Russia. 'Oxford after many Days' embodies Mr. Harold Spender's reminiscences and hopes for the University; 'Lord Acton's American Diaries' reach their most interesting point in describing his meetings with such representative literary men as Norton, Ticknor, Brownson and Sumner. Mr. Baumann in 'Lord Salisbury and Disraeli' deals faithfully both with the late Lord Salisbury and with his biographer. Biographies are attaining too great length, and while a biographer should admire the subject of the biography, he sees no excuse for the persistent denigration of a statesman who is still remembered forty years after his death. The article is throughout written with Mr. Baumann's well-remembered skill. Mr. W. B. Kemping describes the various monuments to Shakespeare and his theatres to be found in London. Dr. Henderson pays a fine tribute to his late teacher in 'Warde Fowler: a Sketch.' With all his skill he has painted a vivid portrait of the Oxford ideal of *humanitas*. Mr. Ellis's review of 'The Literature of 1921' covers the ground, but is rather unequal in the amount of space devoted to the different subjects treated of: it ends on a hopeful note.

*Blackwood's* seems more than usually full of good things this month. It opens with some amusing adventures in Mesopotamian marshes and ancient irrigation canals told by 'Fulanian.' Mr. St. John Lucas amusingly stands up for the rights of unmusical people to get from music any number of illegitimate pleasures since they are unfortunately debarred from the pure joys of the elect. Col. Butler describes his mediation—with the help of a British battalion—between the Germans and Poles in Upper Silesia, and gives a good idea of the organization of every-day farm life there. We note that the goose that laid the golden egg laid it at Tost. The fishing trip in Ireland continues to be amusing. 'The Tobacco Jar' is a story of how the native officer of a detachment of fifty askaris was threatened by a local chief and what thereon happened. Mr. Desmond Young has a capital yarn of an old seaman who came into a fortune and 'Heather Mixture' is at its best. The siege of Samawah is the story of a heroic time, and 'Musings without Method' is sympathetic with the biographer of Lord Salisbury while forced to admit her unfairness to Beaconsfield.

*Cornhill* opens a new story by Mr. Stanley Weyman; publishes the last letter of Harriet before committing suicide; and laments the gradual destruction of the amenities of Rome and its surroundings by the modern municipality. Mr. Beresford's short story is slight, as is also Mr. Butterworth's. Sir Hugh Lucy describes the early days of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and *Blackwood's*, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett contributes some random but effective notes on the beginnings of great books. A country doctor's reminiscences are amusing and most of his stories are new.

The *English Review* begins as usual with verse, one piece on 'Dreams' by Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Arthur Symonds contributes a reminiscent picture of the Moulins-Rouge of twenty years ago,

and Lautrec sitting in the corner making his studies and sketches. There is a slight sketch in dramatic form by Stephen Phillips, but undoubtedly the most interesting paper in the number is Mr. Wyndham Lewis's 'The Credentials of the Painter,' the first of a series. It gives his standpoint in a clear and intelligible way, and should be read by everyone interested in modern painting. There are some interesting notes by Mr. Nigel Playfair in the 'Theatre-Craft' section of the review. President Obregón writes on 'The Washington Conference' prefaced by Dr. Dillon, who waxes lyrical in his praise. Mr. Austin Harrison's contributions include a study of the spirit of a young painter of to-day.

The *National Review* has an article by the editor of *Le Matin* showing 'What the French Tax-payer Pays.' We are afraid that a paper on the English Taxpayer's budget would rather astonish M. Lauzanne. Many of the payments paraded are substitutes for our local rates. Mr. Harold Child is interested in the 'presumed-incest of Lord Byron. Mr. Ferguson writes on the history of the *Morning Post*. Miss Pitt has a good note on 'The Fox' and discourages, after personal experience, the bringing up of tame foxes. Mr. Noel is rightly lyrical over the history of Queen's Club, and 'Collum' describes the latest novel of the brothers Tharaud. There are several other good articles.

The *Beacon* has been amalgamated with Messrs. Fyfe and Rutter's 'Looking Forward,' and will henceforth combine their staffs. It has a poem by Katharine Tynan, four poems from fifteenth century Florence, translated by Clifford Bax, an article on 'Evolution and Purpose' by Julian Huxley, and a reproduction of a fine picture by Will Rothenstein.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has begun another series of reminiscences of Russia in War-Time by the late French Ambassador, M. Paléologue, and a new novel by M. Henry Bordeaux, 'La Maison Morte.' M. Fabre describes the arrangements for giving a complete series of the Molière plays at the *Française* during the coming year. A characteristic one-act play by Tourguenev is well translated, and there are a number of other interesting articles.

The *Mercur de France* for December 15 began a new—and probably not very pleasant—war novel 'La Zone dangereuse.' It has a good paper on Flaubert's successive alterations of the Temptation of St. Anthony and other interesting tales and essays. The number for January 1 treats of Molière, the Flemish question in Belgium, the source of Ramband's 'Bateau ivre' and a famous criminal trial of the Restoration period. There is an excellent account of recent Russian literature and good summaries on gastronomy, agriculture, cinematography, etc. No one wishing to be well-informed about Continental literature can afford to neglect the 'Revue de la Quinzaine' of this invaluable journal.

The *London Mercury* comments editorially on 'The Teaching of English in England,' one of the new style of Blue-books written in modern English. We don't think that the committee responsible "spreads itself too much"; English is a language with a history. The verse is unexpectedly good and in the tradition of our language, and Mr. Fellow's has some charming rhythmical effects. Miss Katherine Mansfield has a sketch of life at the sea-side, 'At the Bay,' too long for its effect, which changes into boredom, and full of clear, almost uncanny vision of the unpleasant in ordinary people. Mrs. Cornish's 'Memories of Tennyson, II,' make pleasant reading, and corroborate some of the more popular ana concerning him and his weaknesses—the weaknesses of a great poet. Prince Mirski's 'The Literature of Bolshevik Russia' is full of fresh information; his criticism of Gorki is just, in spite of the English cult for him which still exists, and we are glad to see some note of Voloshin, who has hitherto escaped notice. But why do we have the "w" in Russian names?—surely Prince Mirski does not derive his knowledge of them from German sources. Bibliographical Notes praise Mr. A. E. Newton, and are strong on extracts from catalogues. This is not bibliography. Mr. Newdigate has some good notes on book-production. The letter from Germany is, as usual, informing. That from Ireland notes the result of opening a shoddy university training to young Irishmen.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Monday and Tuesday, January 23 and 24, the library of Mr Henry Walker which consists of a fine collection of early printed and other books interesting to the liturgical and theological scholar and to the bibliographer, together with about forty manuscripts from the twelfth century on, including no less than eighteen illuminated Horae. The collection is especially rich in service books, breviaries, missals, hours, primers, pontificals, and prayer books. There are over a score of Roman Catholic books printed abroad from the time of Elizabeth to the Restoration, and also some of the rare Reformation tracts printed at Antwerp by Tyndale and Frith, with the imprint of Hans Luft of Marburg. Another series of

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great interest is the collection of English Bibles printed in the sixteenth century. The incunabula include nine '70's (one of them 1472), eleven '80's, and twenty-one '90's, and there are many early sixteenth century books.

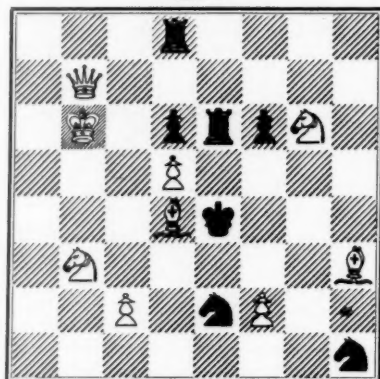
On February 8 The Towneley Plays and a copy of the first edition of the York Missal will be put up to auction. The Towneley Plays are a series of thirty-two mystery plays, written down in the fifteenth century, and among them is probably the earliest purely English drama known to us. It ought to be bought for the nation: will no "Friend of the British Museum" come forward?

## Chess

### PROBLEM No. 9.

By H. AND P. JOHNER

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Jan. 14.

### PROBLEM No. 8.

Solution

WHITE:

(1) R—Rsq.

(2) Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 7.—Correct from A. Lewis, R. Black (and No. 6), A. S. Mitchell, A. S. Brown, S. E. Lloyd, and Rev. W. Mason.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. C. G. (Skelmorlie).—In No. 7, Black answers B—Kt7 with Kt x R.

### THE HASTINGS CHRISTMAS CHESS TOURNAMENT

This, which terminated last Saturday, proved, like all its precursors at the same place, an unqualified success. The final positions in the premier contest were: Kostich, 7; Price, 4½; Mackenzie, 4; Yates, 3½; Sergeant, 3½; Scott, 2½; Norman, 2½; and O'Haulon, ½. The victory of the Serbian master was expected, but it was hoped that some of the strong British amateurs would score a point, or at least half a point, against him. Mrs. Stevenson, to whom we present hearty congratulations, won the "First Class" tourney with 5½, Mr. J. Watt running-up with 5; while A. D. Barlow, with 5½, won the second class, and the three sections of the third class went to A. S. Allen, J. W. Denahay and R. Owen and R. H. Brown (equal respectively). Denahay is a Hastings schoolboy of whom great things in chess may be expected, and he reached his fine position on this occasion without a loss or a drawn game. Lady Brassey distributed the prizes at the very pleasant meeting which closed the proceedings; and we are glad to be able to record that there is now a probability that the Hastings Christmas Chess Tournament will become an annual event.

Our problem this week is taken from 'Alpine Chess,' the book of Swiss problems which forms Mr. Alain C. White's current Christmas gift to the large and growing circle of his composing friends. Mr. White has been addicted to this generous present-giving at Christmas for nearly twenty consecutive years, the earlier books having been his unassisted work. On the present occasion, however, he has enlisted the valuable co-operation of Mr. George Hume and Dr. Schumer, both of whom are well-known for fine work on the chess problem.

## Books Received

### ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Vol. VII. Collected by John Bailey. Oxford, Clarendon Press: 7s. 6d. net.

THE STAGE LIFE OF MRS. STIRLING. By Percy Allen. With an Introduction by Sir Frank R. Benson. Fisher Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.

WASHINGTON AND THE HOPE OF PEACE. By H. G. Wells. Collins: 6s. net.

## VERSE AND DRAMA

ALMA VENUS AND OTHER VERSES. By Bernard O'Dowd. Melbourne, Lothian Book Publishing Co.: 2s. 6d. net.

ASOKA AND OTHER POEMS. By N. V. Thandani. The Author, Delhi: 4s. net.

CHERRY LEAVES. By Takahito Iwai. Erskine Macdonald: 5s. net.

DREAM GOBLET. By Amy Dearden Carter. Erskine Macdonald.

EIGHT ONE-ACT PLAYS. By George Calderon. Grant Richards: 10s. 6d. net.

LITTLE POEMS FROM THE GREEK. By Walter Leaf. Grant Richards: 5s. net.

LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Second Edition. Oxford, Blackwell: 10s. 6d. net.

SOUNDS AND IMAGES. By Goyinda Krishna Chettur. Erskine Macdonald.

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

NORTHMOST AUSTRALIA. By R. Logan Jack. 2 vols. Simpkin: 65s. net.

WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA. By Harry A. Franck. Fisher Unwin: 25s. net.

## FICTION

DWIFA'S CURSE. A Tale of the Stone Age. By "Blue Wolf." Scott: 5s. net.

THE KINGDOM ROUND THE CORNER. By Coningsby Dawson. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.

THE MOONROCK. By A. J. Rees. The Bodley Head: 8s. 6d. net.

THE VALLEY OF PARADISE. By Alfred Gordon Bennett. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.

THE YUKON TRAIL. By William MacLeod Raine. New Edition. Jarrolds: 2s. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA. 1918-1919. By Sir John Marshall. Calcutta, Superintendent of Government Printing, India. Rs. 2.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. By Arthur B. McCoid. Hayes: 6s. net.

INTERVENTION IN INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Ellery C. Stowell. Washington, Byrne.

THE DISOBEDIENT KIDS AND OTHER CZECHO-SLOVAK FAIRY TALES. By Bozena Nemcova. Allan.

THE PEOPLE'S YEAR BOOK. 1922. Manchester, C. W. S.: 2s. 6d. net.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John T. Tussaud. Odhams: 6s. net.

THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMON LAW. By Roscoe Pound. U.S.A., Marshall Jones: \$2.50.

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